

Collier's



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VOL XXXVII NO 17

JULY 21 1906

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New York-Koughkeepsie on the High Gear

WHAT NEW YORK THINKS OF THE

OLDS MOBILE PALACE TOURING CAR

Which on May 19th went over the hilly road between New York and Poughkeepsie with the gear lever sealed into the High Speed Notch
The test was held under the auspices of the New York Motor Club

(Tribune, May 18.) AUTO TRIP TO POUGHKEEPSIE

In order to demonstrate the quality of the model 8 four-cylinder touring car, the Oldsmobile Company has arranged a test to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on May 19th. The test will be made at 11 o'clock. The high speed clutch will be thrown in and sealed by A. B. Tucker, secretary of the club, who will act as observer. The stop at Poughkeepsie will be in front of the Nelson House, and as there are several steep grades on the road the test should be as interesting as possible.

(Tribune, Sunday May 20.) AUTO RUN TO POUGHKEEPSIE

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 19.—A successful run was made, with the high speed clutch thrown in all the way, by the model 8 four-cylinder Oldsmobile touring car from New York to this city today. The start was made shortly after noon and was under the auspices of the New York Motor Club.

(Tribune, Saturday, May 19.) AUTOMOBILE NOTES OF INTEREST

An interesting trip to demonstrate the quality of the model 8 four-cylinder Oldsmobile touring car, which was sealed for the test, was made by the car from New York to this city today. The start was made shortly after noon and was under the auspices of the New York Motor Club. The car arrived in Poughkeepsie after a long journey. The high speed clutch, which was sealed for the test, was thrown in and sealed by A. B. Tucker, secretary of the club, who will act as observer. The stop at Poughkeepsie will be in front of the Nelson House, and as there are several steep grades on the road the test should be as interesting as possible.

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(Sun, May 19.) AUTO TRIP TO POUGHKEEPSIE ON HIGH-SPEED GEAR

Under the official observation of the New York Motor Club members, the model 8 four-cylinder Oldsmobile touring car made an unusual run from New York to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., today. The start was made from the corner of Broadway and Fifty-third street at 11 o'clock. The car was driven by Joseph Tracy, who will pilot the Oldsmobile race this year. The test was made on the high speed gear, and the car was sealed for the test. The stop at Poughkeepsie will be in front of the Nelson House, and as there are several steep grades on the road the test should be as interesting as possible.

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The high-speed gear is to be thrown in and sealed before the motor is started. Four passengers are to be carried during the whole trip. The drivers are allowed the privilege of backing down hill under the force of gravity in case the first attempt fails. Joseph Tracy, of Vanderbilt cup fame, and Ernest Keeler, the man who will pilot the Oldsmobile cup race this year are to alternate as drivers. The test will be held under the auspices of the New York Motor Club.

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set Keeler, who is to drive the big six-cylinder Oldsmobile in the cup race this year, will pilot the car. In view of the fact that there are several steep grades on the road, the test will be made on the high speed gear, and the car will be sealed for the test. The stop at Poughkeepsie will be in front of the Nelson House, and as there are several steep grades on the road the test should be as interesting as possible.

(Mail, May 21.)
HILL-CLIMBING TEST OF OLDS MOBILE MOTOR CAR
By John C. Welton

The wanted ability of the Oldsmobile four-cylinder touring car to climb the hills of the New York State hills to be found within a big radius.

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Ferry, Tarrytown, and Ossining were passed with the motor in the high gear. The car was sealed for the test. The stop at Poughkeepsie will be in front of the Nelson House, and as there are several steep grades on the road the test should be as interesting as possible.

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his from here to Poughkeepsie know of a number of steep grades that must be negotiated during the progress of the trip, and the proposed test is sure to attract a lot of attention not only among automobilists, but among the general public. The test will be made on the high speed gear, and the car will be sealed for the test. The stop at Poughkeepsie will be in front of the Nelson House, and as there are several steep grades on the road the test should be as interesting as possible.

(Globe, May 21.)
One of the most remarkable trips made by an automobile and one that automobilists are still discussing was made on Saturday when a 1906 Oldsmobile touring car, with sliding gear transmission, travelled from New York to Poughkeepsie on the high gear. The high speed clutch was sealed by the members of the technical committee of the New York Motor Club and F. L. Stetson and E. Ferguson, members of the club, accompanied the car. The drivers were Ernest Keeler and Joseph Tracy. Not the slightest difficulty was experienced in making all the hills, a feat that many automobilists considered impossible.

(The Commercial, May 18.)
AUTOMOBILE NEWS
By John R. Eustis

Interest in the hill-climbing contest which is superimposed in the minds of motor enthusiasts has not abated. Not only this but the manufacturers seem to realize that the purchaser of a car must "be shown" that the machine is capable of making good. The Oldsmobile Motor Works of Lansing, Mich., in order to demonstrate the hill-climbing qualities of the model "B" four-cylinder touring car, has originated a novel idea of testing the association of the car can climb any hill within 20 miles of New York on high speed.

Under the auspices of the New York Motor Club, and under the immediate supervision of Paul L. Stetson, chairman of the technical committee of the club, a model "B" will leave the New York Motor Works on Saturday at 11 o'clock for Poughkeepsie. The high speed clutch will be thrown in and sealed by A. B. Tucker, secretary of the club, who will accompany the car. The test will be made on the high speed gear, and the car will be sealed for the test. The stop at Poughkeepsie will be in front of the Nelson House, and as there are several steep grades on the road the test should be as interesting as possible.

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NEW YORK MOTOR CLUB
THE CUMBERLAND
300 WEST STREET AND BROADWAY

We the undersigned, duly appointed as observers on the test run made by the Oldsmobile Palace Touring car model "S" made the run from 1655 Broadway New York to the Nelson House Poughkeepsie, Via-Dobbs Ferry, Tarrytown, Peekskill, Garrison and Fishkill, with the high speed gear thrown in and the lever sealed and that the seal was not broken until twelve hours after the arrival in Poughkeepsie. Every hill was taken on the high speed gear and the grades of the hills ranged from ten to thirty two degrees.

John C. Welton
Chairman Technical Committee
New York Motor Club.
Ernest L. Ferguson
Member Technical Committee
New York Motor Club.

Observers.
John C. Welton
Ernest L. Ferguson
Paul L. Stetson
E. Ferguson

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John C. Welton
Ernest L. Ferguson
Paul L. Stetson
E. Ferguson

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John C. Welton
Ernest L. Ferguson
Paul L. Stetson
E. Ferguson

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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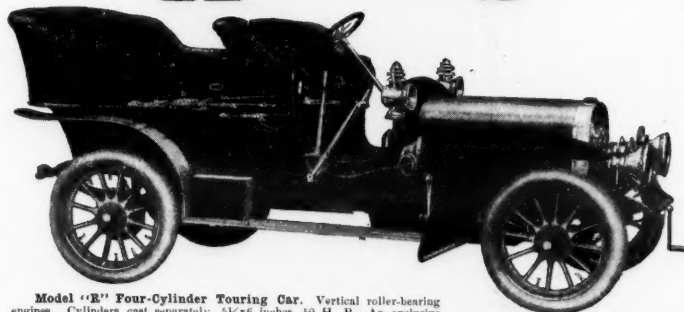
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HAYNES



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"Cause yo' don't get dat full, rich flavor f'm no oddah kind o' porker.

"Yas—an' it com f'm er *young Hog*, too, Mandy—jus' grewed enough to be firm, but tender an' sweet.

"You can tell de age by dat thin skin, dat small bone, an' weight 'tween eight pounds an' twenty pounds.

* *

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"An' dat *One* superfine Ham gets dis '*Star*' mark put on it, so's people knows 'de Ham what Am' f'm de Ham what Aint.

"An' dey's more dan 40,000 Hams a day to choose dat *One in Fifteen* f'm at de *Armour Ham 'Stabishment*.

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"Aint yo' heard o' dat, Mandy?

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* *

"An' desmokin', Mandy—aint dat fine?

"Jes' er rich gold-en brown all over,

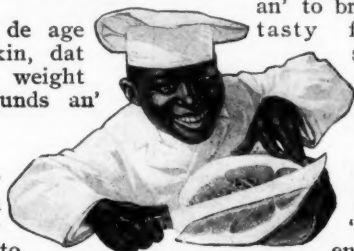
wit nary a scratch or a mark on it anywheres, 'cept o' course de mark o' de *Star*.

"Dats de mark of de 'Ham what Am,' Mandy, an' don't you forget it never!—*Armour's Star* on de *epicured* Hams and Bacon only.

"Jes' *One Ham* out o' every *Fifteen* *Armour Hams* get dat *Star* mark of *quality*, for de finest ever, in Meat an' Curing.

"Co'se it costs a few cents more.

"But, My Sakes, Woman!—what de-leccious Eatin' fo' de Folks."



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Swift's Little Cooking Lessons



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Cut into small squares about 1/4 pound Premium Ham. Beat four eggs until thick. Add a pinch of salt and pepper. Put one teaspoonful of Silver Leaf Lard in a hot pan. Turn in the mixture together with the squares of ham and spread evenly. Cook for about four minutes. Slip knife around edges, fold and serve.

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Washington Life Insurance Company
145 Broadway, New York

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"ON THE SHORE OF THE BRYANY SEA,
I'M WAITING, MY TRUE LOVE, FOR THEE!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



A CONTEST OF SIGNIFICANCE, which marks one of the beginnings of the new political era, is now taking place in New Jersey. Some months ago GEORGE L. RECORD of Jersey City announced himself a candidate for United States Senator to succeed JOHN F. DRYDEN, whose term expires in March, 1907. Mr. RECORD is now prosecuting a vigorous campaign. The significance of this contest is found in the fact that never before in the history of New Jersey has a candidate for the United States Senate made known that ambition to the voters *en masse* and appealed to them for support. On the contrary, the fact that such an election is to take place or that the prospective members of the House of Assembly and of the Senate have such a duty to perform after they have taken the oath of office at Trenton has been practically ignored in the campaigns by the party managers and candidates. The history of the election of United States Senators in New Jersey is found in the history of the corporations and the financial institutions of the State. All that the student of political history will find will be a monograph that might have been compiled from the social register or the minutes of the corporations. It is not the story of a people, but rather a recital of personal or corporate ambitions satisfied; a portrayal of the methods employed to sustain in power organized wealth instead of representative government for the people by the people. The importance of the present contest arises from the fact that a new but vital civic principle, of recent

NEW NOTES

inception, has become a positive factor in the political activity of the State. It is a principle which is founded on the oldest traditions of a republic; a principle which maintains that *all the people* should have a voice in declaring in whom their trust shall rest. It is an application to the Senatorial election of the essence of the New England town meeting. The contrast between this method and the previous custom appears when one reviews the list of names of the men who have represented New Jersey in the United States Senate, the SEWELLS, MCPHERSONS, the SMITHS, KEANS, and DRYDENS. The election of these men proves the contention that New Jersey has not had for a generation, in the upper branch of our National Congress, a man of whom it could be truthfully said that he was the choice of the people of the State. In no sense have these men represented the voters of the political party to which they belonged. The party in each instance has been used as a means for protecting large corporate interests in the enjoyment of special privileges. The principal opponent of Mr. RECORD in his contest to reach the United States Senate is Senator DRYDEN, who has announced his candidacy for reelection. It is safe to assume that he will not relinquish the office he now holds without a bitter struggle. But, whatever the result, the day has passed in New Jersey when a United States Senator will be elected by the Legislature without the mass of the voters having a voice in his selection. Whatever be the outcome, therefore, GEORGE L. RECORD has, by appealing directly to the people, rendered a service to the cause of popular government.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S CONTEST with the Boston and Maine Railroad has been transferred from a candidacy for the State Senate to a candidacy for the Governorship of New Hampshire; or, at present, for the Republican nomination, which means the same thing. As an appeal on wide principles had to be made, it seemed wiser to address the whole State than a fraction of it. The only way a great corporation's grip, once fastened on a community, can be loosened, is to get the people interested, and on the degree of interest shown in New Hampshire the outcome will probably depend. The call of the Lincoln Republican Club to Mr. CHURCHILL to run was signed by solid and clear-headed citizens, including

REFORM IN NEW ENGLAND

two editors, JAMES F. COLBY, professor of law at Dartmouth College; WILLIAM W. NILES, the Episcopal Bishop of New Hampshire; JAMES W. REMICK, formerly Judge of the Supreme Court; EDMUND S. COOK, the City Solicitor of Concord, and a few other men of similar standing, acting as a committee for the club and for the independent citizenship of the State. "The people of New Hampshire," said the call, "desire to govern themselves." Mr. CHURCHILL, in his reply, pointed out that the New Hampshire conditions were similar to those in all States except those where the people have been aroused. "If we win," he says, "we pledge ourselves to the enactment of such pro-

gressive laws as will give the people a better control of their government, among which I would suggest the following: A direct primary law, a law to abolish the lobby, and a law on the lines of that enacted by the Federal Government to do away with the evils which attend the giving of passes within the State."

THE FUNDAMENTAL FUNCTION of a police force is to prevent crimes and catch criminals. Certain minor and incidental functions, as well as various incidental faults of individual policemen, are often so magnified and dwelt upon that this single basic duty is lost sight of. Judged by its efficiency along this single line, the New York police force is one of the most successful institutions in the world. Every once in a while one observes examples of its effectiveness which seem almost incredible and impress one anew with the strangeness of truth compared with the fiction of even Sir CONAN DOYLE. The other night, a little German saloon in The Bronx, called "Zur Ewigen Lampe" (The Ever-Lighted Lamp), where the proprietor, the bartender, and a few friends were quietly playing pinocle, was raided by a gang of armed toughs who shot, probably fatally, the bartender and a patron. As quickly as the excitement was over, some one telephoned to the police station. "All right," said the sergeant at the station, "we've got the man here." A policeman off duty, several miles from his beat, returning from a visit to friends in Brooklyn, had seen the murderer board a car, and with no more to guide him than some sort of intuition which told him that that man had recently been engaged in crime, arrested the murderer, took him to the station, and waited for the telephone to bring some message as to what the crime was and where it was committed. Incidents like this do not figure in the newspapers as do stories of police corruption. The prisoner who escapes is more unusual than the one who is caught, and consequently gets more public attention. The police, like most other people, suffer from the fact that simple devotion to commonplace duty does not make good headlines.

HOLMES
IN BLUE

HATS OFF TO DR. VICTOR EMANUEL, King of Italy! He's an LL.D. The University of Pennsylvania did it. Seeking earnestly for complaisant recipients of its overflowing honors, its Board of Trustees hit upon King Vic. He was sounded on the question and affably signified his acceptance through the Fourteenth Assistant Life-Guard of the Moated Grange, or some equally exalted official. Off with the regal purple: on with the legal purple! Apparently His Majesty couldn't spare the time to come to this country and receive in person the hall-mark of the distinguished Philadelphia institution. To suggest that he didn't think it worth the trip would be a cruel slur upon a dignified university. So they sent it to him in a box by an eminent collegiate official who couldn't reach the expectant beneficiary because he had no credentials from the Department of State. Finally, however, the insignia reached Dr. VICTOR EMANUEL, who by this time is undoubtedly wearing them to meals. Listen to the colleges of our land chanting in sonorous unison: "This institution honors (and advertises) itself in honoring an eminent scholar who, etc., etc." The late Commodore VANDERBILT is credited with a forceful dictum upon degrees in foolishness. The University of Pennsylvania provides a worthy parallel to this historic saying, by its latest exhibit of foolishness in degrees.

DEGREES

THE PLACE WHERE IMMIGRATION is most desired is in the Southern States. Industrial development, from which the South expects her future prosperity to result, is closely connected with import of the right kind of labor; and another point of critical importance is that with every thousand foreigners who settle in the South the chances of negro domination become more remote. The negro increase, relative to the white, is a topic on which there is a singular difference of intelligent opinion. In slavery times, it is generally agreed, the negro multiplied more rapidly than the whites, and in 1865, therefore, the fear of his ultimate domination was founded on experience. Up to 1880 this apparent gain continued, but the last quarter of a century has strongly induced an opposite belief. Between 1890 and 1900 the white majority in the ten most distinctively Southern States has increased by over a million, and in every State except Mississippi the "margin of safety

IMMIGRANTS
AND NEGROES



for white supremacy" increased. The increase of the blacks had gone down from 35 per cent to 14.3 per decade, while the whites remained at 20; the explanation probably being in the faulty census of 1870. Immigration will naturally be not only a cause of industrial activity, but also a result, so that this numerical advantage of the whites should be steadily progressive.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS are probably to have a formulated code of ethics as the result of an address by Dr. WHEELER, president of their American Institute. "I hold every man," said FRANCIS BACON, "a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto." Starting from this pronouncement, Dr. WHEELER explained, at the twenty-third annual convention of the institute, that, although the engineers did not constitute strictly a profession, they and others engaged for the people in handling the forces of nature ought to look upon themselves as under obligations to their clients equal to those upheld by the code of the clergy, medicine, or law. The public attitude toward engineering contributes to such obligations. "The public considers (much more than there is reason for) that the several branches of engineering are special subjects and not easily within the comprehension of the layman." The greater the public trust and dependence the greater the need for an ethical spirit in any class possessed of special skill. Dr. WHEELER pointed out some of the directions in which the relations of engineers to their clients and to the public were capable of improvement, and the committee appointed in pursuance of his address is expected to prepare a code which will probably be submitted to the association at the next annual convention.

A SENTENCE
OF BACON'S

SAVING THE BUFFALO, or more exactly the bison, from extinction is a work which appeals to the sentiment of persons familiar with the conquering of nature on this continent. Nobody can read the story of the settlement of America without coming to have a feeling for the animal which, ranging in great herds about the plains, took such a part in the existence alike of the Indian and of the white. Filling no commercial need, the bison has seemed to have small chance of continuing to decorate the planet. Although his flesh resembles beef, and his hide is much more valuable than that of any domestic animal we have, and although by cross-breeding with certain kinds of cattle he seems likely to produce a new and valuable farm animal, with a thick coat of fine soft hair, yet small reliance can be placed upon commercial arguments for his preservation. He must be saved by science and history, and the instrument most likely to be successful is the Government. Individuals and private associations are a frail reliance for the centuries. Steps, therefore, are being considered by the American Bison Society, recently organized in New York, toward inducing the Governments both of the United States and of Canada to take part in the work of preservation. The honorary president of the association is THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the honorary vice-president is EARL GREY, Governor-General of Canada, the active president is WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, director of the New York Zoological Park, one of the vice-presidents is Dr. CHARLES S. MINOT, president of the Boston Society of Natural History, and the board of directors is made up largely of men well known in science and education.

AID FOR
THE BISON

THE LABOR MEMBERS of the House of Commons constituting, in his opinion, the most important group in the present Parliament, the editor of the British "Review of Reviews" had the excellent idea of finding out what literary influences they have undergone. The books-that-have-influenced-me idea, which is perennially attractive, is more than commonly suggestive as applied to a body of men who stand for somewhat revolutionary beliefs. Not one of these labor leaders has been to Oxford or to Cambridge. Their book culture comes from the public library or the small collection in a modest home. Of the fifty-one labor members forty-five replied. THOMAS BURT, in his father's little library, devoured CHANNING'S essays on MILTON with especial frequency, and also the autobiographies of FREDERICK DOUGLASS and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, both self-taught under adverse conditions. He began early, in spite of poverty, to collect a library

of his own. GIBBON and the poets figured in it at first, and the economists and orators at a later time. JOHN BURNS would give first place to PAINE, OWEN, and COBBETT, followed by RUSKIN, CARLYLE, and many Socialist books. J. KEIR HARDIE passed through early imaginative literature to CARLYLE, who remains his hero. "Progress and Poverty," BURNS, the New Testament, and RENAN'S "Life of Jesus" remain favorites, "although, like old friends, communion with them is no longer as easy as it was in days gone by." HENRY GEORGE, RUSKIN, and CARLYLE appear with frequency in the lists, but it is rather surprising to find how many of the books that made most impression were works of general imagination, with no direct bearing on economic problems. W. CROOKS says "BUNYAN is the ideal of our working people." F. W. JOWETT makes the interestingly precise statement that the book which (1) made him want to read was "Ivanhoe"; (2) led him to think and reflect was "Past and Present"; (3) made him a Socialist was "Unto This Last"; (4) assisted his desire for possession of a kindly and patient disposition was "Vanity Fair" and "Les Misérables"; (5) fed his respect for Nature and Man in their wilder and sterner aspect was "Wuthering Heights."

BOOKS AND
LABOR

THE BRITISH LEADERS of the new popular movement take their reading as a serious part of their development, with a very few exceptions who attribute everything to practical experience. A minority refer to religious experiences other than the Bible. DRUMMOND'S "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" appears with frequency. Several say specifically that one kind of book with real ideas is as welcome as another. "The greatest of all things for youth," says JAMES ROWLANDS, "is to be eclectic." A note of interest by G. H. ROBERTS is that what he calls the Democratic poets have interested him most, BURNS, WALT WHITMAN, GERALD MASSEY, and SHELLEY being mentioned. A number speak of the serious periodicals, and some of newspapers. JOHN RUSKIN, who is among the leaders in influencing these labor men, was himself influenced most by HORACE, PINDAR, and DANTE, and after them by the English poets and MOLIÈRE. In the reading of the labor members some authors, such as TOLSTOY and ROUSSEAU, appear less frequently than might be expected, although, of course, British writers of similar ideals would more naturally fall into a poor boy's hands. Taken as a whole, the reading outlined by these self-made men is remarkable for catholicity and worth.

THE FOOD
OF MEN

PREACHING THE ADVANTAGES of learning how to swim is a performance which every newspaper deems it part of its duty to execute at least once during the torrid months. Some drowning is always accessible to prefix as a text to this perennial and wholly needed sermon. Our own purpose, however, at this especial moment, is to brush lightly past the utilitarian aspect of this exercise, and to sing its charm. There is no exercise more exhilarating, none in which a mighty element comes into closer contest with the heart of man.

"How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me."

What sport could have a fresher taste, what pastime instil a brighter mood? If not the ocean, it is the mild lake or woodland stream, and ever "the inverted landscape and the blue profound." It is the poetry of exercise. One of the prettiest descriptions we know of this diversion is that picture in THOMSON'S "Summer" of the youth standing by the well-known pool, gazing into its crystal depths, then plunging headlong down the encircling flood:

"And through th' obedient wave
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humor leads, an easy winding path."

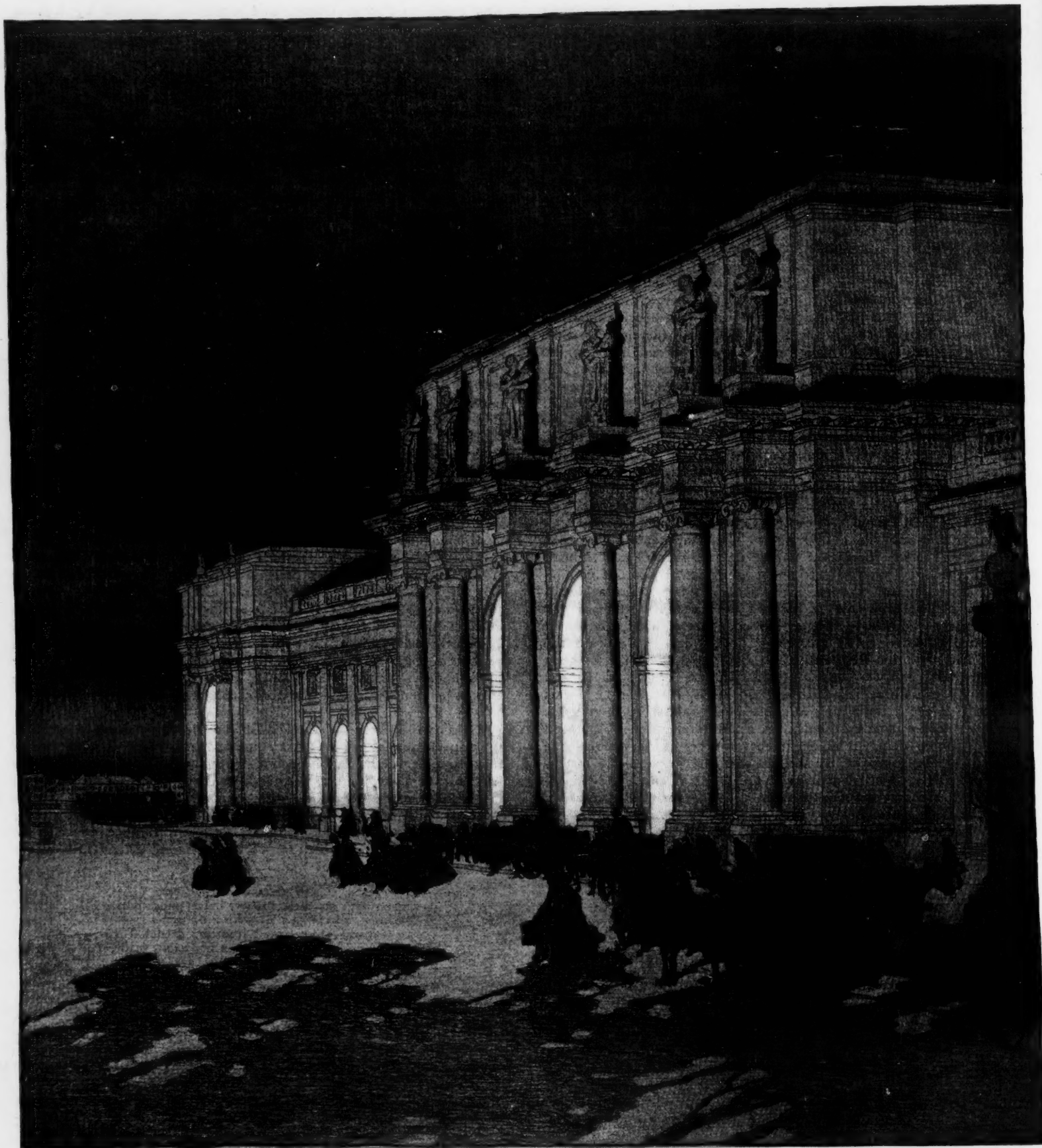
Apart from increasing your confidence and your chance of life, what other sport will encircle you with such an atmosphere of nature's vitality, cheerfulness, and power?

THE UNION STATION

AT WASHINGTON, D. C., AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN

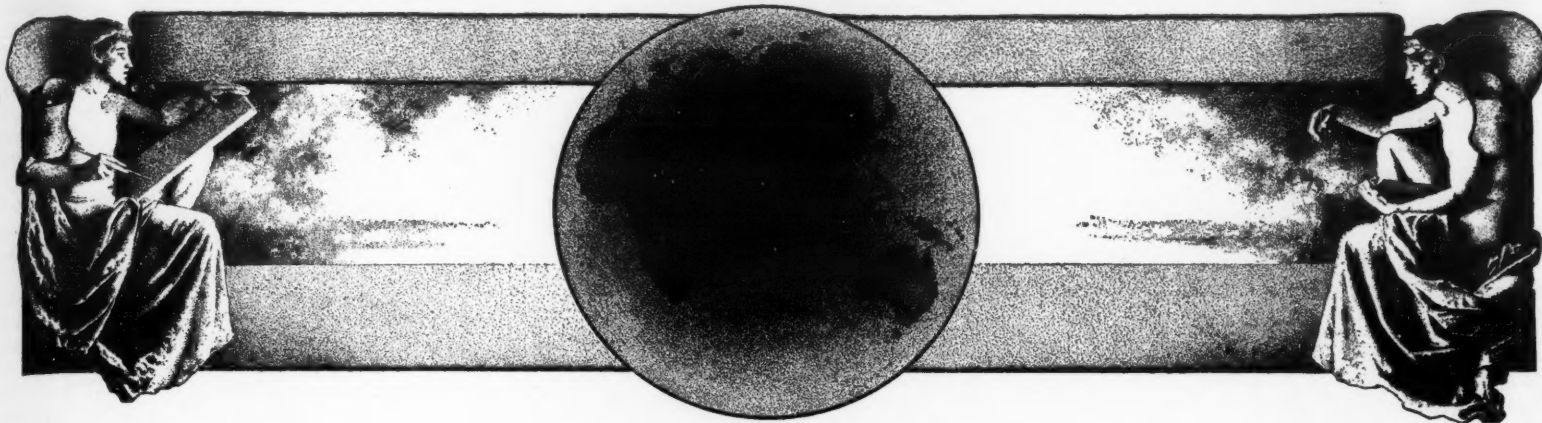
This station, which with its site and approaches will cost about \$14,000,000, of which the Government contributes \$1,500,000, is noteworthy as the first attempt in America to make a railroad terminal part of a scheme for beautifying a great city. It is built of steel and white Vermont granite, and will be thoroughly classic in design



"For the Union Station Mr. Burnham has created a vast Roman palace of shining white Bethel granite, its central pavilion modeled on the Arch of Constantine, and all its outlines preserving the general idea of a colossal city gate. It is about thirteen feet longer and seventy-three feet wider than the Capitol. Its construction is a landmark in American civic art, for it is the first example on record of a conscious and costly cooperation on the part of any of our railroads in an attempt to beautify a great city"

(See page 12)

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

SECRETARY ROOT sailed for Rio de Janeiro on the cruiser "Charleston" on the Fourth of July, arriving at San Juan, Porto Rico, on the 8th. ¶Mr. Bryan declines to be considered a Presidential candidate at this time, but says that he would be willing to accept a nomination if the reform cause should need him. ¶Sir Joseph Ward, the New Premier of New Zealand, has offered to give the United States as favorable treatment as Great Britain in New Zealand's markets in return for reciprocal concessions. ¶San Francisco is preparing for a battle with repudiating fire insurance companies. ¶The convicted icemen in Toledo have obtained their liberty temporarily under suspension of sentence. The example of Toledo in treating members of ice trusts as criminals has been followed in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Indianapolis, and other places. ¶President Roosevelt has appointed a new Isthmian Canal Commission, owing to the failure of the Senate to confirm the former nominations. All the old members have been reappointed, except General Ernst, who is replaced by Chief Engineer Stevens, and Mr. Bishop, who remains as Secretary. ¶The Russian Duma on July 2 unanimously passed its first bill, abolishing the death penalty. ¶The German Emperor celebrated the Fourth of July by becoming a grandfather. The baby is a boy, and future heir to the Prussian, and therefore to the German imperial, throne. ¶The hotels at French

Lick Springs, Indiana, controlled by Thomas Taggart, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, were raided by the Sheriff as gambling places on July 3, and the Attorney-General filed an application for the annulment of the charters of the corporations owning the properties. ¶The election of Count Boni de Castellane to the French Chamber of Deputies has been annulled on the ground of corruption and bribery. ¶Admiral Rojestvensky pleaded guilty on July 4 to surrendering the torpedo-boat "Bedovi," involving the death penalty, assumed all the blame, and asked that his subordinates be relieved of responsibility. ¶Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Secretary, delivered a sensational warning on July 5 of the danger of a general Moslem rising against the Christian powers. ¶Winston Churchill, the novelist, has announced his candidacy for the Governorship of New Hampshire on the platform of independence of the Boston & Maine Railroad and all other corporations. ¶The Court of Special Sessions in New York has decided that Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," can not be suppressed on the ground of immorality. ¶The Joint Committee of the Chicago Commercial and the Illinois Manufacturers' Associations, which has been investigating the Chicago packing establishments, reports that they are generally in good condition. ¶The "Texas," the first battleship built for the new navy, has been taken off the active list

THE THIRD PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

ON the Fourth of July Secretary Root sailed for Rio de Janeiro on the cruiser *Charleston* to represent the United States in the Conference of the American Republics, whose sessions begin on the 21st. A more important mission has seldom been undertaken by an American statesman.

The first Pan-American Conference was called under the administration of President Cleveland, but it has always been identified in the popular mind with the prescient imagination of James G. Blaine, who grasped its possibilities when the Gradgrinds of politics turned it to ridicule, and who had the good fortune to be Secretary of State when it met and so to be naturally indicated as its presiding officer. The Washington Conference was experimental. It cleared the ground. It brought the jealous nations of America together, and taught them to discuss their differences in a judicial spirit. It laid the foundations of a system of American public law.

When this conference came together on October 2, 1889, Brazil, where the present gathering is to meet, was an empire. It evicted Dom Pedro from his throne while the sessions were in progress and his envoys had to get new credentials as the representatives of the republican United States of Brazil. Then for the first time it was possible to have the cooperation of the American Republics, and not merely of the American nations.

The Washington Conference recommended the construction of the Pan-American Railway, which is slowly growing into a reality. It urged improved steamer communications, for which little has yet been done. It favored reciprocity treaties among the American powers, and the United States made a good start in this direction by the reciprocity provisions of the McKinley Tariff law, but the ground gained in this direction was soon lost. It disowned the right of acquiring territory by conquest and urged the settlement of American disputes by arbi-

tration. It is noteworthy that from that time to this, a period of seventeen years, there has been no international war among the American Republics, notwithstanding repeated periods of high tension. No period of peace of equal length was ever known among them before. The Bureau of the American Republics, a mismanaged institution which contains the possibilities of great usefulness, remains a reminder of the first Pan-American Conference.

The second conference, also called by the United States, met at the City of Mexico in October, 1901. It was not only a talking, but a working body. It drew up ten formal treaties and conventions to which the nations represented were invited to subscribe, and it also endorsed the Hague treaties on behalf of the American Republics, of which only the United States and Mexico had been represented at the World's Congress. If all the recommendations of the second Pan-American Conference had been accepted by the nations of the Western world, that gathering would have been, in the opinion of the Mexican Ambassador to the United States, "the greatest and most fruitful of all international conferences that had ever met in the lapse of centuries." Three Central American Republics actually did ratify all the treaties it proposed, providing for compulsory arbitration, general patent, trademark, and copyright laws, the codification of international law, and a number of other advances in civilization. Other countries accepted the work of the Conference in part.

The great distinction of the Conference at the City of Mexico is that it made the Pan-American gatherings no longer exceptional, but periodical. The body that meets at Rio de Janeiro to-day, therefore, is not a mere casual assembly of diplomats, but the germ of a regular Parliament for the Western world, Canada, being a colony, alone excepted, just as that which is to meet at The Hague will be the germ of the coming Parliament of Man.

One of the conventions adopted by the second Pan-American Conference embodied the "Drago doctrine" that public debts and other pecuniary claims should not be collected by force. The reiteration of this doctrine is expected to be the great feature of the Conference at Rio de Janeiro. Public opinion among the Latin-American nations is hotly for it, and with the backing of the United States it is hoped that the Conference will be able to send it to The Hague with a moral force which will make it impossible for Europe to ignore it.

The program of the Conference of Rio de Janeiro provides in addition for the consideration of arbitration and the codification of international law, which were so thoroughly discussed at the previous gatherings, for commercial treaties, improved communications, customs, and consular laws, sanitation, patents, trade-marks, copyrights, and regulations for professional practise. Secretary Root's part in these discussions will be one upon which immense results will hang. The interests of the United States, and of Pan-American harmony, were said to have been gravely compromised by the conduct of some of the American delegates and their families at the City of Mexico. Mr. Root and his party will take care that there are no causes of complaint on that score. They have gone, not only as diplomats, but as missionaries of good-will. They will try to dispel the fear and dislike of the United States that have grown up in South America as a result of our Big Stick talk and actions in the Caribbean and elsewhere. We have a great advantage over our European rivals in being able to enter these Pan-American Conferences as one of the associated Republics, and the one that all of them, however much they may dislike us, are bound to recognize as their leader. It will be the part of Mr. Root's skilful diplomacy to make the best possible use of this advantage, both for our own benefit and for that of all the nations of the Western world.

THE EAGLE LOOKS UP

THE Fourth of July brought a needed opportunity for the American Eagle to preen its dragged feathers. After the meat scandals had been piled on top of the insurance and promoting scandals, people in Europe began to express annoying doubts as to the existence of any such thing as a standard of business or political morals in the United States. The Independence Day speeches helped to set them right in this respect.

At Oyster Bay President Roosevelt admitted that there were iniquities needing firm treatment in business, in politics, and in social life, but he protested against vindictiveness in dealing with them. "Let us remember," he urged, "that many of the men who do the things of which we complain, even among those who do the worst, are American citizens with much the same tastes, tempers, and characters as we have, but who have not been subjected to the same temptations." Ambassador McCormick, at Paris, spoke of our "national housecleaning," and expressed confidence that the "surface conditions" developed in it had not "shaken the faith or lessened the esteem of our lifelong friends, the government and people of France." Mr. McCormick drew especial encouragement from the fact that we had now at the head of the nation, upheld by the vast majority of the people, a man who was "not afraid to grapple with the problems of the day, as Washington and Lincoln grappled with the problems of their time." Ambassador Reid won the applause of the American colony at London by saying:

"Whether prosperous or not, we always feel strong enough to expose relentlessly whatever we believe or suspect to be wrong in our public or business life, often at the risk of considerable exaggeration, yet without fear of consequences. Other peoples sometimes call it washing our dirty linen in public. We make no apologies for it. We are, in fact, rather proud of the American habit of drawing no decorous veils over one's wrong-doing and of harboring no foulness which we are not eager the moment we find it to drag under the eyes, if need be, of all the world into the purifying rays of the fiercest sunlight."

The enthusiastic Fourth of July celebrations all over the world indicated that citizens of the Republic abroad, as those at home, still felt that they had something to be proud of.

THE PACIFIC UTOPIA

SIR JOSEPH WARD, the new Premier of New Zealand, landed at New York July 5 on his way to take up the reins of government dropped by the late Richard Seddon. He confirmed all the tales brought back from the Antipodes by enthusiastic travelers concerning the benefits conferred upon the colony by its policy of benevolent paternalism. There are no oppressive trusts in New Zealand. The Government gives them no chance to grow. It deals with them, not by penal laws, but by competition. When a milling trust tried to put down the price of wheat and put up the price of flour, the Government notified it that the duty would be taken off flour unless the price came down. The price dropped, and according to Sir Joseph there is no milling trust in New Zealand to-day.

American cities are beginning to try the experiment of sending Ice Trust magnates to jail. The New Zealand Premier says that if an ice trust charged extortionate prices in his country the Government would build ice factories itself and sell its product at a fair profit. When a combination put up coal prices the Government bought coal lands and brought down the rates. It dealt

with an insurance combination in the same way, knocking a third off the charges. "That is the only method we know of in New Zealand," remarks Sir Joseph Ward, "to secure absolute fairness in the distribution of public necessities."

The Government of New Zealand owns every public utility in the country, and operates every one primarily for the public benefit, rather than for profit. When the railroads bring in more than three or three and a half per cent net income, rates are reduced, so that now, according to the Prime Minister, New Zealand has the cheapest passenger and freight rates in the world, enabling New Zealand producers to compete with rivals twelve thousand miles nearer their markets. No such thing as a rebate is possible, for all the tariffs are public, and the books are regularly audited and the results published. No government could live forty-eight hours, Sir Joseph asserts, after the exposure of a case of favoritism.

The unemployed class has been abolished by the Government labor bureaus, distributing labor where it is needed by means of the Government railroads. Poorhouses have been practically abolished by old-age pensions. Overgrown estates have been abolished by state purchase, leases to



SECRETARY ROOT AND HIS PARTY, SAILING FOR RIO DE JANEIRO ON THE CRUISER "CHARLESTON," JULY 4, FOR THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

small holders, and taxation of land values. The Government runs the telegraphs, telephones, and postal savings banks, furnishes fire and life insurance, and takes care of the estates of decedents. It takes farm mortgages at three per cent. "No party which may come into power," Sir Joseph declares, "will dare to repeal any one of these so-called socialistic acts," which have made New Zealand the richest country in proportion to its population, the most contented country, and the country of most generally diffused prosperity in the world.

The Premier went to Oyster Bay to see President Roosevelt, whom he considered "the greatest man in the world—a man without a compeer." He thought that while there he might incidentally arrange a reciprocity treaty, which would undoubtedly be an excellent thing for this country as well as for New Zealand. In his Antipodean innocence he thought that the fact that such an arrangement would be for the public benefit would be argument enough. He left Oyster Bay with his admiration for the President enhanced, but with some new ideas about the Senate and reciprocity treaties.

Although New Zealand is small in itself it bulks large in the discussion of social and economic questions. The visit of its Premier may have a share in breaking down the American tariff wall. The threatened tariff war with Germany, the clamor for colonial preference in England, the demand for reciprocity with Canada and Newfoundland, are all making it harder to maintain the barriers of trade monopoly, and the offer of new commercial openings in New Zealand is one more argument against the doctrine of "stand-pat" exclusiveness.

BRYAN NOT READY

WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S head has not been turned by the spontaneous outburst of Democratic enthusiasm for his renomination. On July 3, in London, Mr. Bryan dictated a statement emphatically declining to be considered a candidate, as yet. He did not deny that he might be a candidate at the proper time, but he insisted on keeping his liberty of action until then. Besides, he hinted modestly, there were other good Democrats whose claims deserved consideration—Mr. Hearst, for instance, Senator Bailey, and Governor Folk. "While I appreciate the compliment paid by the various State Conventions," he remarked, "I do not regard their expressions as binding upon them, or upon the party of their States. I shall not prosecute them for breach of promise if they transfer their affections to another. I will not even publish their letters."

Mr. Bryan thought that it would not be just to himself to be compelled to "sit on a stool and look pretty" for two years. He pathetically alluded to the burden of advancing age, and protested that he could not spare two years out of his life at this time. "I prefer," he added, "to be in a position to say what I think ought to be said, write what I think ought to be written, and do what I think ought to be done."

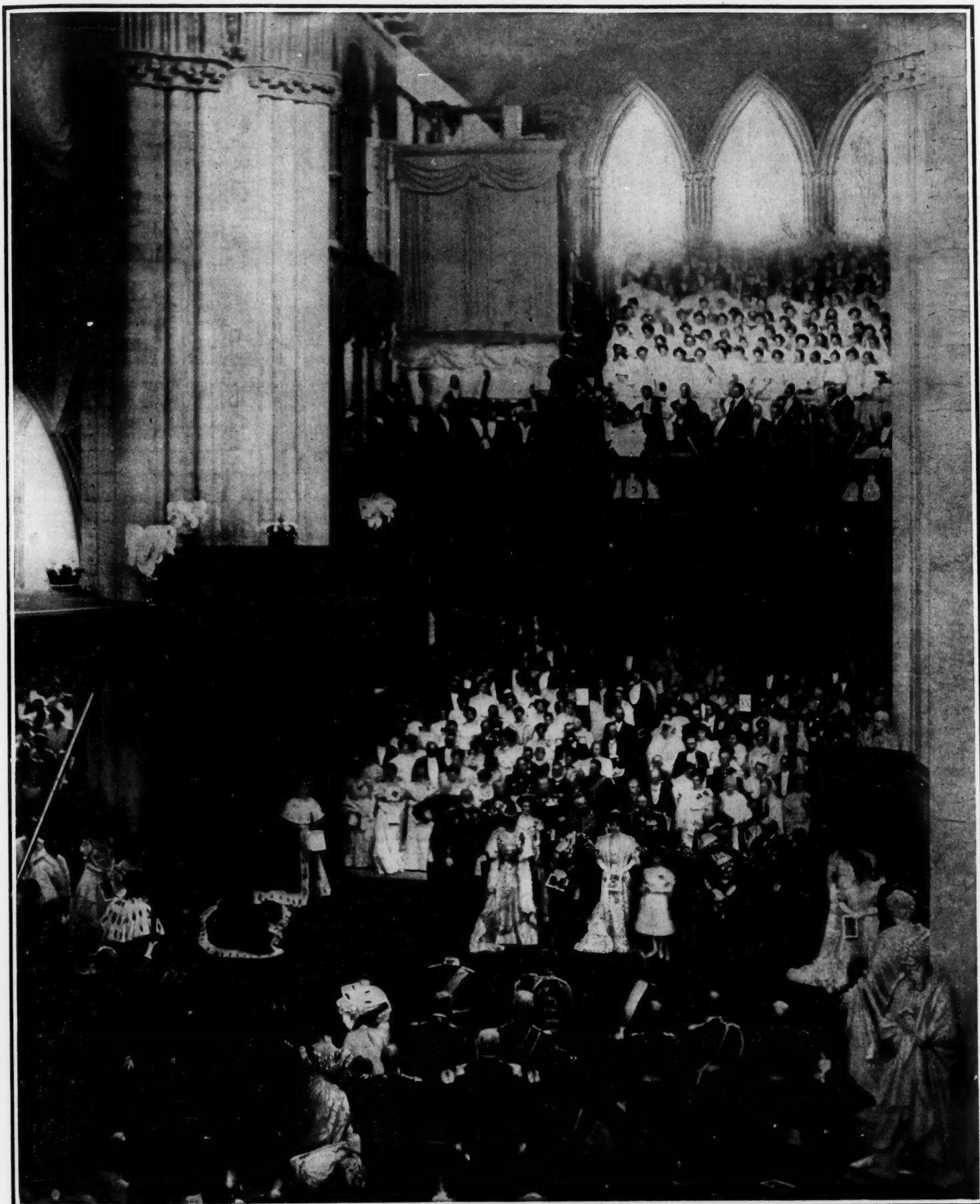
The Nebraska statesman's astute self-abnegation, while it left him free to take advantage of any new conditions that might develop, had no effect in checking the exuberance of his present boom. At the Tammany Fourth of July celebration, while the names of Hearst and McClellan were not mentioned, the only real enthusiasm of the day was evoked when Representative Henry of Texas nominated for the Presidency "the truest Democrat that has lived since Jefferson, William Jennings Bryan." Mr. Hearst promptly took himself out of the field, and Governor Folk joined the Bryan procession. Soon after the London disclaimer an earlier letter was published, in which Mr. Bryan said that he would do nothing to secure another nomination, but that if, when the time for the nomination arrived, the advocates of reform should think that his candidacy offered the best assurance of victory, he would not refuse to run.

INSURANCE WELSHERS

ALTHOUGH three months have passed since the San Francisco fire, the settlement of insurance losses is making slow progress. The companies are gradually dividing themselves into three classes, described in California as "dollar companies," "six-bitters" and "welshers." The "dollar companies" are trying in good faith to meet their losses in full as rapidly as possible without undue reliance upon technicalities. The "six-bitters" propose to enforce a general scaling of losses to seventy-five cents on the dollar, on the pretext of earthquake damage and other exemptions. The "welshers" are trying to evade every possible obligation by every trick in the legal armory. The business men of San Francisco have prepared to meet this situation by united and vigorous action. They are tabulating the records of the companies in the matter of the payment of just claims, and propose to secure the publication of the lists in all parts of the United States. It is a foregone conclusion that the "six-bitters" and "welshers" will be driven out of business on the Pacific Coast, but the question for their serious consideration is whether they will be able to hold any patrons anywhere else.

THE CORONATION OF KING HAAKON VII

The first King and Queen of independent Norway in five hundred years were crowned at the ancient coronation place of Trondhjem, two hundred miles below the Arctic Circle, June 22, 1906



King Haakon (with ermine cape)

Queen Maud

Prince George of Wales

Prince Henry of Prussia

King Haakon VII was Prince Karl, second son of the present King of Denmark. He was born August 3, 1872. After Norway had voted to dissolve the union with Sweden, and the people had decided by a referendum in favor of a monarchy instead of a republic, he was elected King of Norway by the Storting, Nov. 18, 1905. He accepted the crown two days later, taking the name of Haakon after the last preceding independent King of Norway. Queen Maud, to whom he was married July 22, 1896, is the third daughter of King Edward of Great Britain. She was the central figure of the coronation spectacle at the moment this picture was taken

WASHINGTON

THE MODEL CITY

This is the second of a series of articles illustrating the progress of American cities toward ideal conditions. The plans for the improvement of San Francisco were described in COLLIER'S for June 30. Accounts will follow of the improvements projected in Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Boston, Baltimore, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Ottawa

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

WHEN Pierre L'Enfant, George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson put their heads together to devise a plan for the future capital of the United States, two courses were open to them. They might have provided for the needs of their own time, in which case we should have had a neat, compact little town, which would have made a favorable impression on visitors for half a century, and then have ripped out at the seams like a baby's coat on a man. Or they could look forward with the eye of faith to the requirements of future ages, making designs which they would never see executed, accepting the inconvenience of living in a palace in the clouds, and submitting to the ridicule of smart critics who refused to take visions for realities. That was what they did. Spurred on by Washington and Jefferson, L'Enfant laid out the capital of a nation which had fewer people than the State of Ohio has now, on a scale unmatched by any city then in existence. For more than two generations the contrast between the magnificent theory and the shabby reality of Washington was an inexhaustible spring of humor. Tom Moore jeered at it a hundred years ago, and in 1814 the "Quarterly Review," using Moore and other amiable visitors as its authority, drew this picture of the American capital:

"Places were marked out where churches were to be erected, but without steeples, and chapels with chimneys; here were to be placed conventicles and meeting-houses; there colleges and hotels; here parks of vast extent, avenues of approach, promenades, malls, streets of palaces and walks of state were to embellish this magnificent city. The President's house has been completed; one little corner of which is inhabited, the rest being abandoned to a state of uncleanly desolation which those who are not philosophers can not look at without regret." One hotel, without a roof, furnishes a gratuitous lodging for a few miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants; and here and there the streets exhibit a grog-shop, in the shape of a wooden shed. . . . A deep wood, a thicket or morass denies all access between next-door neighbors, and cows and sheep graze about the streets with bells about their necks to prevent their being lost."

The cows and sheep were still visible within the recollection of people who are not yet old, and Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the former Commissioner of Labor, has told of seeing pigs rooting in the streets within half a block of the White House. A Senator as late as the sixties introduced a bill for the removal of the capital, because the pigs had rooted up the terrace about his new house, and it was that catastrophe which gave Washington an efficient Board of Health. According to the veracious British chronicler already quoted, a stranger wandering over the moor, which composes the greater

part of the city, "falls in with an English Ambassador, shooting quails; in a thicket a few miles off he encounters the French Ambassador hunting rabbits."

Wandering through a wood, in dread of being lost or devoured, he narrowly escapes the bullets of a pair of duelists. Two or three miles farther on "he falls in with a great concourse of people assembled at a horse race in an open field." Here he finds a crazy coach, but before he can reach his inn the whole outfit is blown by a hurricane into a deep ditch. At last, concludes the "Quarterly": "Being nearly dark, he mounts an ass which carries him to a group of Indians, performing some kind of incantations. Escaping from these, he comes to a log house, eats mush and hominy, sleeps on

the floor all night, and next day gets back to his inn. All these adventures took place within the precincts of

"This famed metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which traveling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn."

Now there is such an obelisk as Moore never dreamed of. Some of the shrines have been built, and the supply of heroes exceeds all requirements. The "traveling fools" have turned out to be those whose scoffing minds could grasp nothing that did not lie before them in material form. Here the engineer and the statesman displayed the poetic imagination, while the poet was clamped in the bonds of matter.

Washington was the first modern national capital that ever grew upon a scientific plan, and its system of radiating avenues with squares, circles, public buildings, and monuments at their intersections was a novelty for a great city, although it had been foreshadowed in Le Notre's designs for the gardens of Versailles, in Sir Christopher Wren's unfulfilled project for the reconstruction of London after the Great Fire, and in the plans of Annapolis and Williamsburg in America.

L'Enfant's superb conceptions were fully appreciated at first, but as decade after decade passed without any indications that the raw Southern village was outgrowing its unkempt infancy, they fell into neglect. Instead of so massing the public buildings as to make each enhance the attractiveness of the rest, or placing them at the focal points at which they would have furnished imposing views from all directions, the authorities scattered them anywhere. Some of them were wedged directly across L'Enfant's avenues, spoiling some of his finest vistas. Nevertheless, two things saved the great plan from complete obliteration. One was that property rights were accommodated at the start to L'Enfant's street system, and anchored most of it in place. The other was that when the early Government buildings were constructed, classic architecture for such purposes was in fashion, and the later buildings, as a rule, followed the custom. There were a few melancholy exceptions, such as the pension nightmare, concerning which General Sheridan murmured: "What a pity!" when he was told it was fireproof, the Post-Office chateau on Pennsylvania Avenue, and that overpowering example of the Mullett School of Architecture, the State, War, and Navy Department building. But in general the Government has followed classic lines in housing itself, and most of its buildings will fit very well into the scheme of the ideal city.

By the end of the nineteenth century Washington had grown to such an extent that its "magnificent distances" were no longer ridiculous, and the plain man's eye could see some of the things it had taken the eye of genius to see



THE CENTRAL PART OF WASHINGTON, AS IT WAS IN 1902



THE SAME PART OF WASHINGTON, AS THE BURNHAM COMMISSION PROPOSED TO REMODEL IT

a hundred years before. In 1898 it occurred to the residents there that it would soon be time to celebrate the hundredth birthday of the capital, and the celebration was held in December, 1900. The speeches on this occasion dwelt upon the need for the improvement of the District of Columbia upon harmonious and adequate lines. The American Institute of Architects discussed the subject at the same time, and upon its initiative the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia invited Mr. Daniel H. Burnham and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., to act as expert advisers, with power to name others. They accepted, and secured the cooperation of Mr. Charles F. McKim and Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens. This completed the "Burnham Commission," whose work promises to make Washington the model city of the world.

After nearly a year of study the commission decided that it could do no better than to restore and develop the original plan of L'Enfant. There was one respect, however, in which the prescient genius of the designer of Washington could not possibly foresee the needs of a modern city. In his day people who did not enter a place by horse-power or on foot came by water, and he made most ample plans for the water approaches to Washington. But he could not imagine a time when the great majority of the visitors to the capital would be shot in by rail and would have their first view of the place on passing through the doors of a station. He provided three great foci for his composition—the "Congress House," the "President's House," and the Washington Monument. To these the Burnham Commission has added a fourth—the Union Station, the majestic vestibule of the city, where visitors will gain their first and last impressions of the place. For the sake of this splendid monument, the greatest of all the buildings of Washington in size, and one hardly surpassed by the Capitol itself in beauty and dignity, let us deal a little gently with President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad in his present troubles. For it was Mr. Cassatt's public spirit that made the Union Station possible, giving Washington the double benefit of a superb new attraction and of the removal of an old-time disfigurement. The Pennsylvania was entrenched on the Mall, in a position from which it could not be dislodged, but in which it made the full development of the L'Enfant plans impossible. When Mr. Burnham explained the situation it agreed to give up its rights there and join with the Baltimore and Ohio in spending millions more than simple business necessities required in order to give Washington a gateway worthy of the capital of the world's greatest nation. For that we have to thank the broad, breezy, "damn-the-expense" spirit of Alexander J. Cassatt, and when I am wielding the muck-rake among the sins of the Pennsylvania, as duty sometimes compels, I am always going to remember that long mark on the credit side of his account.

For the Union Station Mr. Burnham has created a vast Roman palace of shining white Bethel granite, its central pavilion modeled on the Arch of Constantine, and all its outlines preserving the general idea of a colossal city gate. It is about thirteen feet longer and seventy-three feet wider than the Capitol. Its construction is a landmark in American civic art, for it is the first example on record of a conscious and costly cooperation on the part of any of our railroads in an attempt to beautify a great city. There have been several such examples since. To ensure the building its full effect a semi-circular plaza, twelve hundred by six hundred feet, has been created in front of it, with avenues radiating to half the points of the compass. Through the central door of the station sees the vista of the Capitol—the most imposing and appropriate of all possible introductions to the nation's seat of government.

By L'Enfant's original plan, the Capitol and the

Washington Monument were to have been connected by a broad parkway, the Mall, flanked by shaded walks and rows of public buildings. But before the needs of the infant commonwealth called for any extensive shelter, this scheme was forgotten. The buildings required from time to time were placed wherever the caprice of the moment dictated. Happily, the Mall was kept as a public reservation, although the plan for its improvement was not carried out. But between this expanse of splendid possibilities and Pennsylvania Avenue, the

phere of official Washington that it sets the teeth of architects on edge.

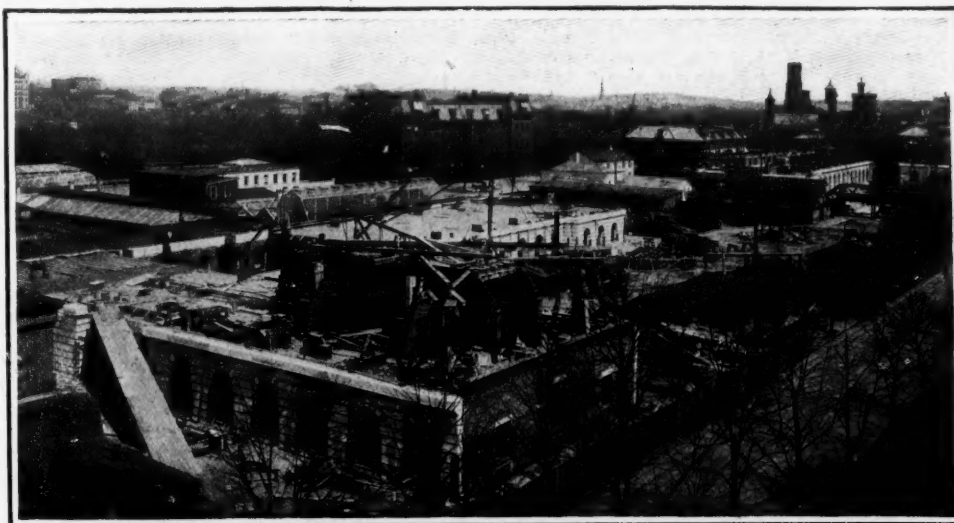
The chief obstacle in the way of the redemption of the wretched district south of Pennsylvania Avenue, which sticks like a cinder in the eye of the capital, is the greed of landowners. Land speculation has hobbled the progress of Washington from the time when, in the city's infancy, it twisted the whole town around so that now the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol turns her back on the approaching crowds.

Whenever it becomes known that the Government needs a piece of property all the holders of real estate on that spot form a combination to "soak" the Treasury for all it can be made to give up. When the land for the Senate office building was bought it was assessed at \$232,000. A private purchaser could probably have bought it for \$350,000. The Government had to pay \$748,000. For private purposes all the land between Pennsylvania Avenue and the Mall may be worth \$5,000,000. The belief is expressed by those who have had to study the subject that it would cost the Government \$50,000,000 to acquire it, even under condemnation proceedings. There seems to be an admirable opportunity here for a thrifty philanthropist, who would like to become a public benefactor without any expense to himself. All he would have to do would be to buy up the property that will soon be needed for public purposes and then sell it to the Government at such a moderate advance on its cost as would secure him a reasonable profit on his investment.

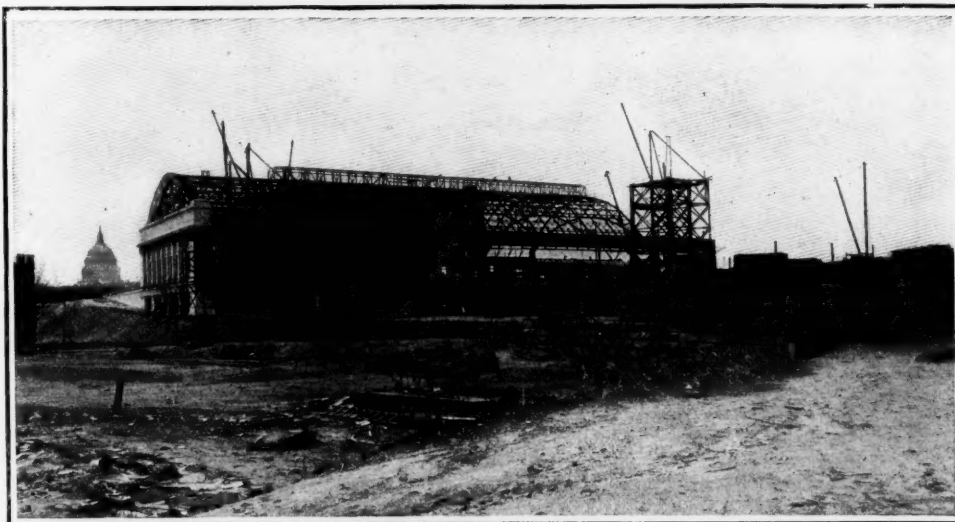
With the acquisition of another small piece of land just west of the "White Lot," back of the White House, and a third between the Mall and Maryland Avenue on the south, together with some blocks bordering Lafayette Square in front of the White House and some others around the Capitol grounds, there would be an unbroken area two miles and two-thirds in extreme length, and a mile and a half in extreme width, all devoted to public purposes. A small part of this, such as the tracts occupied by the buildings of the George Washington University, the Corcoran Art Gallery, and the Daughters of the American Revolution, would be held by semi-public institutions, but most of it would be the property of the Government. This reservation, in the shape of a huge fish, with its dorsal fin projecting north of the White House, and the mighty range of buildings about the Capitol forming its tail, would stretch across the whole residence and business frontage of the city, forming the most tremendous and imposing focus of a government's power and energy to be seen in any capital of the world.

The Capitol stands in the centre of a park of nearly sixty acres. When the Burnham Commission began its work this park was framed in by dingy houses or neglected lots. There was only one building there worthy of its position—the Library of Congress. With this as a beginning the commission proposed to surround the Capitol grounds ultimately with sixteen stately public buildings, each occupying an entire block, and all having some relation with the legislative work of the Government. Of these the House and Senate office buildings, facing each other from opposite sides of the park, are already well under way. These classic twins, reminiscent of the Ministry of Marine and its mate, to which the Place de la Concorde at

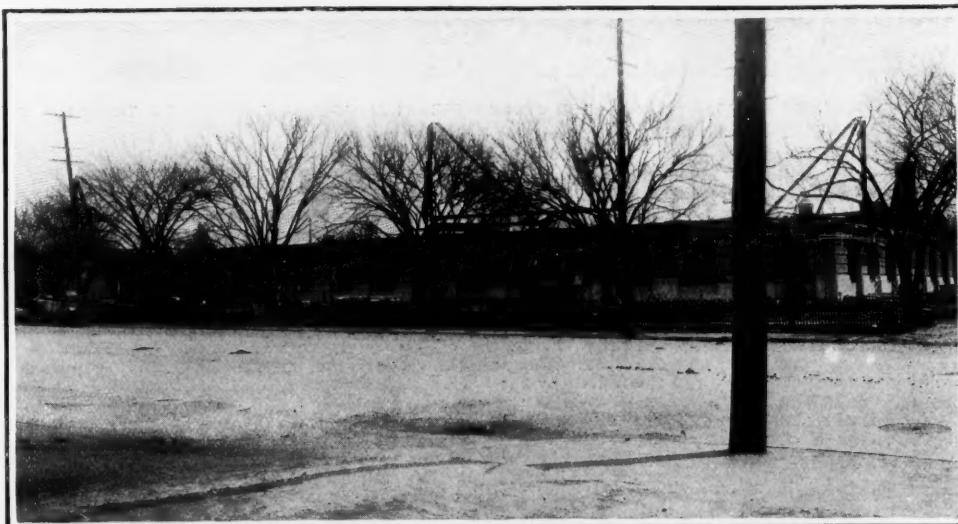
Paris owes so much of its distinction, have been carefully designed to harmonize with the Capitol and lead the eye to it without competing with it for the attention of the spectator. As each has a frontage of 476 feet on the Capitol grounds, the two together contribute 952 feet toward the completion of a fitting frame for the park. The Capitol itself is 751 feet 4 inches long, and the Library of Congress 470 feet, so that in buildings already constructed or under way there is a superb architectural frontage of 2,173 feet, or over two-fifths of a mile, on the eastern half of the Capitol



The new building for the Department of Agriculture, first cost \$1,500,000



The new Union Station, from the rear, showing outlook to the Capitol



The new \$3,500,000 National Museum Building on the Mall

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF SOME OF WASHINGTON'S NEW BUILDINGS

chief highway of the city, private enterprise was allowed to thrust a squalid, and in parts disreputable, settlement. It is proposed by the Burnham Commission to have this disfiguring wedge redeemed and devoted to buildings for municipal purposes, including a great central market. Already the first of these structures is under way—a building for the local government of the District of Columbia. Unfortunately the Post-Office Department is planted on one of the best sites of this quarter in a Kansas City emporium, so utterly out of keeping with the general atmos-

grounds. A building for the Supreme Court is expected to fill one of the remaining spaces, and then only two large and two small sites will need to be occupied to make the framing of that part of the picture complete. We shall then have a "Place" fifty per cent larger than the Place de la Concorde, and incomparably more imposing in its general effect. What it is already beginning to be may be realized from Mr. Guérin's view of parts of only two of the nine buildings that are to surround it. This eastern half of the Capitol grounds is a complete composition in itself, while at the same time forming an integral part of the greater, the matchless, picture that will come into being when the entire park has its border of imposing façades, with the Capitol in the middle throned at the summit of a mounting series of sumptuous approaches.

Of course in comparing this expanse with the Place de la Concorde it is not meant to imply that the Capitol grounds and their surroundings will be in any sense a copy of the Parisian plaza. The Place de la Concorde is a flat paved square of about twenty-two acres, all easily embraced in one view; the Capitol is set on a hill in the midst of a sylvan park of sixty acres, whose beauties have to be seen on the instalment plan, but perhaps will be all the more impressive on that account. The comparison is made simply for lack of a better. In

its construction. It has just discovered, to its surprise and discontent, that the money is all going into two wings, and the central structure still remains to be provided for. This is one of the little methods the departments at Washington have of making a small appropriation go a long way. Before very long the Department of Agriculture will find itself housed in a three or four million dollar palace.

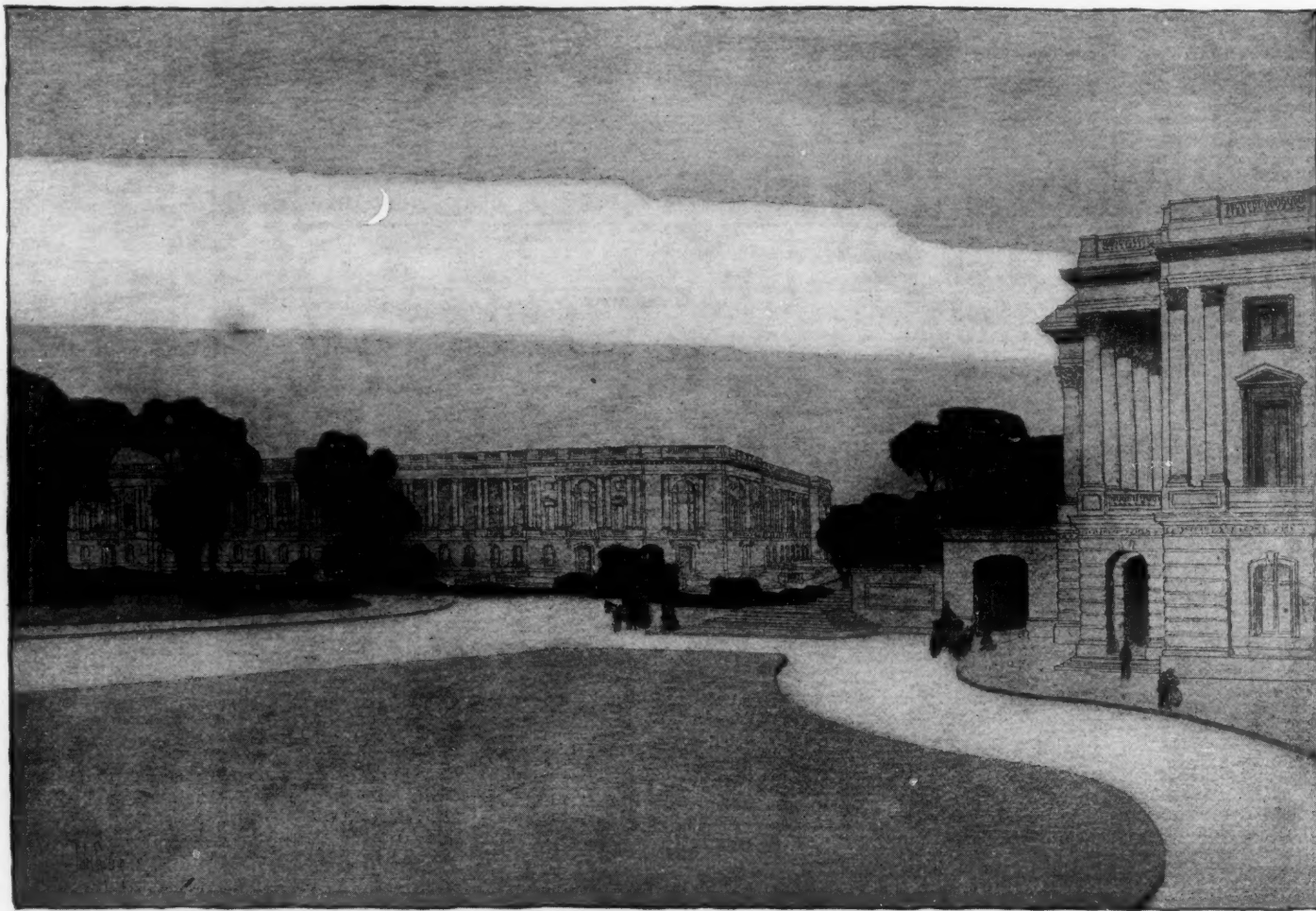
From Warehouse to Palace

The National Museum is installed at present in what the late Professor Langley called "the cheapest building which was ever produced in any country for such a purpose." It is an enormous rambling brick warehouse, and was so overcrowded five years ago that Professor Langley compared it then to "a place in which rubbish had been thrown." It cost a quarter of a million dollars. Now a new National Museum is rising on the eastern side of the Mall—a great pile of creamy granite over five hundred feet long and more than three hundred feet wide, costing \$3,500,000, and providing equally for scientific workers and for the admiring public. The architects of this and of the Agricultural Building, on the other side of the parkway, made their plans after consultations to secure harmony.

Square. A rich formal treatment is provided for the grounds of the Washington Monument and the neighboring reservations. The reclaimed Potomac Flats are to form a delightful water park, and a monumental bridge is to span the river to Arlington as a memorial of national valor and reunion as soon as Congress furnishes the money. A picturesque tract of about two thousand acres on Rock Creek, acquired some years ago, is undergoing leisurely park development.

Since the Burnham Commission's report was filed in 1902 Congress has authorized the construction of eleven public buildings in Washington, at a total cost of over eighteen million dollars. This alone is two-thirds as much as had been allowed for the same purpose, down to the last day of the last session, in all the rest of the United States put together. Add the amounts spent and to be spent by the railroads, Andrew Carnegie, the George Washington University, and the Daughters of the American Revolution, and we have between thirty and forty million dollars now going into public and semi-public buildings in the national capital, all in general accord with the improvement plans.

A general spirit of cooperation has secured excellent results thus far, especially as the President has thrown all his characteristic energy and determination into the defense of the scheme of civic development. It is



A CORNER OF THE FUTURE CAPITOL GROUNDS, LOOKING PAST THE HOUSE WING OF THE CAPITOL TO THE NEW HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING

DRAWN BY JULES GUÉRIN

reality the Capitol composition, when completed, will be absolutely unique and incomparable. A nearer resemblance to the Place de la Concorde will be found in the space the designers have called "Union Square," which they propose to make a vast open plaza between the Capitol grounds and the head of the Mall, adorned with statues and fountains, brilliantly illuminated at night, bordered on two sides by stately buildings, dominated on a third by the terraces of the Capitol, and opening on the fourth into an elm-bordered parkway like the Champs Elysées.

It may be a long time before the great green carpet, a hundred yards wide and a mile and a half long, with its broad borders of elms and its shaded walks and drives, is laid down through the centre of the Mall. But that can be done at any time, for the space is there. Already the ranks of public buildings between which it is to run are taking form. The question whether this feature of the plan was to be preserved or destroyed was fought to a finish when the foundations of the new Agricultural Building were laid. Secretary Wilson was determined that this building should be planted out in the Mall in a position in which it would irretrievably ruin the proposed vista from the Capitol to the Monument. He was supported by Speaker Cannon, who had been made a bitter enemy of the plan for civic improvement by the Senate's unfortunate mistake of launching the scheme on its own responsibility, without consulting the House. A knock-down and drag-out fight ensued, which was finally ended by the President's going to the spot, after the Secretary had already dug up a good part of the Mall at considerable expense, and ordering the building back where it belonged.

Congress expected this Agricultural Building to cost \$1,500,000, and fixed that limit in the law authorizing

One of the chief features of the Burnham Commission's plans was to be a gigantic building, nearly a quarter of a mile long, filling the entire space of three blocks between the Mall and Pennsylvania Avenue, facing the "White Lot," or President's Park, back of the White House. As the opposite side of the White Lot is occupied, except for one block, by the George Washington University, the new building of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Corcoran Art Gallery, the third side by the White House, the Treasury and the State, War, and Navy Department Building, and the fourth by the Washington Monument and its grounds, this would practically complete another imposing architectural composition, with a bit of discord, to be sure, but effective on the whole. The Senate has been trying to carry out this part of the plan by securing the site for a building for the Departments of State, Commerce and Labor and Justice, and this year it put an item in the Public Building bill authorizing the expenditure of three million dollars for that purpose.

The Speaker's Costly Economy

But the House struck out the paragraph under the leadership of Speaker Cannon, who thinks appropriations for the improvement of the national capital all foolishness as long as anything remains to be done in Danville, Illinois. If this site could have been secured now a good part of the work of redeeming the district south of Pennsylvania Avenue would have been accomplished. As it is, there is talk of building a gigantic hotel on a part of the land, and if that is done there will probably be a gap in the splendid plan for a generation to come.

Another great group of public buildings is to be north of the White House, surrounding Lafayette

known that as long as Theodore Roosevelt is in the White House, no building operations glaringly inconsistent with the general plan will be permitted. But something more than that is needed. It will hardly be believed, but at present there is absolutely no authority that has any oversight or even official knowledge of the building work going on in the District of Columbia as a whole. One authority has charge of the House and Senate office buildings, another of the National Museum, another of the Agricultural Building. It is nothing but pure good-will, with the Presidential stimulus behind it, that secures any cooperation among them. Congress would not let the President ask advice of a commission of eminent architects, even when they were willing to give it for nothing. He listens to the advice anyway. There is a bill now pending providing for the creation of a National Advisory Board on Civic Art. It was prepared by the National Society of the Fine Arts and introduced by Mr. Wiley of New Jersey in the House, and by Senator Newlands of Nevada in the Senate. It authorizes the appointment of a commission of five members to give opinions, on request, upon the artistic merit of all schemes of public construction and decoration, under the national Government. Such a board could make harmony the normal condition, instead of something to be continuously struggled for. The bill was not even reported in the late session of Congress. Perhaps the next one may have more time.

At any rate, the future of Washington is secure. The dullest, the least imaginative, can see now that it is going to be before very long the most beautiful of all the capitals of the world. Never did any statesman have such a monument as is rising to the late Senator McMillan, whose zeal and foresight made the New Washington possible.

RECENT EAST SIDE RIOTS

The New York Jews thought their children were being murdered by order of the Czar



BEHIND HER CAME LONG LINES OF CHILDREN, CLAPPING THEIR HANDS AND SINGING: "THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE"

By MYRA KELLY

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A RIOT in the lower East Side of New York is not a pleasant phase of human nature. Thousands upon thousands of overworked, underfed men and women of that most emotional of all races—the Jewish—make a mob very difficult to deal with and impossible to reason with. The East Side has gone mad from hunger or unbearable oppression; there have been meat riots, bread riots, strikes of different sorts and trades. It has gone money mad and shown banking authorities what a run on a bank may be. It has gone mad on religion, as when a thoughtless insult to the coffin of a dead rabbi changed a sorrowing funeral cortege into a ravaging mob. It has gone mad on patriotism, at news from Russia, at fires, even at bargain sales, and always it has foamed and yelled and had its fit despite all the efforts of the powers that be.

For the East Side, being ignorant, is ungrateful and distrusts all the Boards and Departments which watch over it. The Board of Health is an ogre whose greatest delight it is to snatch away and confiscate whole pushcarts laden with rotten, but still marketable, fruit and vegetables, to deluge houses with chemicals, unclean Christian soap, water, and gold-braided inspectors; to carry sufferers away to die in Christian hospitals, and to interfere in every possible way with the life and pleasure and the death of the populace. The Street Cleaning Department is an even more exacting tyrant. It objects to everything, and once in a paroxysm of cleanliness it swept East Broadway clear of debris from end to end and threw its catch into the river. This chanced upon a Jewish holiday in the observance of which every orthodox Hebrew empties his house of furniture and, gathering his family in the dismantled rooms, holds certain services of purification. When the East Side finished its prayers and went forth to reclaim its Lares and Penates, there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. And the Street Cleaning Department went home to sup and to laugh. The feud between the Fire Department and the East Side is old and bitter and goes on from year to year with wrongs and wrongdoing on both sides. The Gerry Society is dreaded like the plague, and the Police Force aids and abets all the others in the work of herding, evicting, arresting, inspecting, interfering, and browbeating.

Only the Board of Education had been friendly and trusted. It insisted that children should be sent to school, but it made no other unreasonable demands. It taught all who went within its many doors; children in the daytime or adults at night. It maintained circulating libraries, gave lectures (frequently in Yiddish and generally illustrated) to the tired East Side. But perhaps its greatest hold upon the public confidence arose from the fact that here were women cooperating with women for the guidance and happiness of children. And one day recently the Board of Education betrayed its trust; made a compact with the Russian Government and inaugurated a

Slaughter of the Innocents before which Herod's performance paled.

Teachers began to cut the throats of the children and to bury their victims in the school yard, and the great East Side went mad again. Women half-dressed, disheveled, bore down upon the public schools to storm barred doors and windows. They shrieked for mercy, for vengeance, for their children. Other mothers hearing the clamor and being told the news, went wild and set out, shrieking—always shrieking—for the buildings in which their own offspring were being done to death. The crowds before different schools grew in numbers and ferocity until the streets were packed from wall to wall, and the moans and wailings of the women rose like waves against the windows. The police were nearly helpless, for they were combating that strongest instinct in nature whether human or animal; the mother's passion for her young. Reserves were called out and rushed from school to school. The crowds grew wilder, the upbraids more shrill. Stones were thrown, gratings torn off, windows broken, and blind panic was loose, not only in the streets, but in the schools as well.

"What kind from noise is it?" asked the children and "What is going to happen?" asked the teachers. With stones and yells of rage breaking up the quiet of classroom routine, it was difficult to maintain discipline.

"Give us our children," demanded the women outside. "I das'ent go by the block," whispered the children inside.

Still the police, mounted and on foot, rushed from

place to place. Still the women beat their breasts, tore their hair, and rent their garments. And still within the schools the fear and wonder grew and little First Readers began to whimper.

"They have cut our children's throats," yelled a frantic father. "They have buried our babies under the school. They are the servants of the Czar."

"You understand Hebrew, I think," said a white-faced principal to one of her assistants. "What are those women crying?"

"That they want their children," replied the assistant. "I can't hear their reasons; they are all yelling different things."

"We can't reason with them," said the principal. "We must dismiss the children. A fire dismissal. It is the only thing to do."

So all through the big building bells rang sharply; short commands were given and the heavy door swung wide. A slip of a girl, fair-haired and young, stood in the opening, and a yell of mingled rage, relief, and yearning struck her like a blow. Yet she held her place and gently, wonder of wonders! clapped her hands; "One two, three four, one two, three four." And behind her came the children, hundreds of children, long lines of children, also clapping their hands and singing:

"Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Oh the army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue."

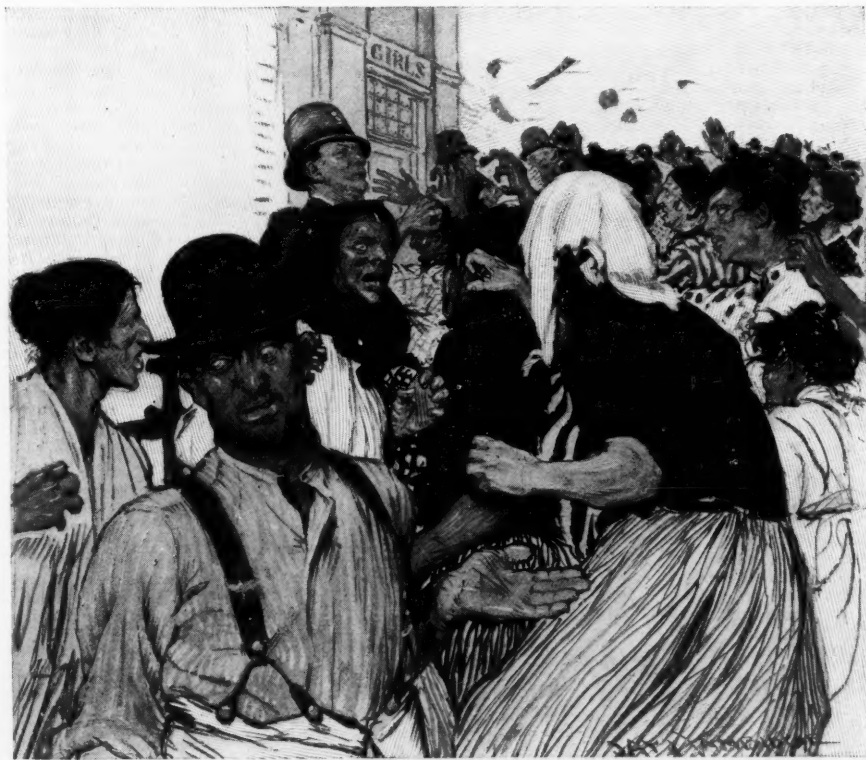
For a breath's space the crowd fell silent and the song floated out high and clear. Then the children were gobbled up by their respective parents and dragged home to be prayed over, wept over, and densely puzzled.

And the storm passed as quickly as it had gathered. Few arrests were made, and the few who were apprehended went, densely perplexed, to the station houses; listened, still perplexed, to the charge of inciting disturbances brought against them and paid, more perplexed than ever, the fines imposed by indignant magistrates.

"Und anyways," Mr. Spitsky remarked to Mrs. Spitsky as they surveyed the young Spitskys in normal health and vigor; "Und anyways it's goot we gits there on time."

"Oh hell!" remarked the young Spitsky, aged six, "what did youse want to butt in for?"

The Board of Education may in time recover its place in the big impulsive heart of the East Side, but each will have had its lesson. Of course, the East Side will not learn anything definitely until the elder Spitsky will have taken his troubles and his yearnings to a better land—where, let us hope, there will be room and a welcome for him and a language which he can understand, and until the youngest Spitsky shall have reached man's estate, sold his vote, and grown a mustache. But the Board of Education has learned again that the way of the progressor is hard, and that cupidity is stronger than conscience in some of the Spitskys who are already of the second generation.



THEY SHRIEKED FOR MERCY, FOR VENGEANCE, FOR THEIR CHILDREN

For the origin of all this terror and disorder was praiseworthy in itself. The very progressive and energetic Principal of an East Side school found that the general standing of her charges in scholarship, attendance, and health was very low and falling weekly lower. Being progressive, she did not waste time in upbraiding her teachers. She caused the children to be examined and discovered almost an epidemic of adenoid growths of the throat and nose. Being still progressive, she knew that adenoids, interfering with respiration, attack one of the physical sources of supply and cause weak bodies and sluggish minds. So she promptly laid the matter before the Board of Education and the staff of Mt. Sinai Hospital. The hospital agreed to operate, free of charge, upon as many children as could be brought there for treatment. The operation, though imperative, was trivial, and the Principal might so assure the parents. She did. She coaxed and reasoned and persuaded until one hundred little sufferers were taken to the institution and cured. But one hundred more there were whose parents—when they chanced to have any—were too busy and too poor to spend the time and car-fare necessary to that long uptown trip even if they had had a suitable array. Some of them had never left the warrens they had been forced to call home, and would have been hopelessly lost a block from their own doors. So in another conference it was agreed that a corps of doctors and of nurses from the hospital should visit the school and perform the operations there, if the Board of Health would supply the necessary instruments. The Board agreed, stipulating only that each child should present a written consent from its parents or guardians. Again the energetic Principal interviewed, explained, and secured wondrous documents until seventy-five throats were enrolled. The doctors and the nurses came and did their work of mercy. The Principal congratulated herself, and every one congratulated her.

But there be small medical practitioners in that district to whom each of these one hundred and seventy-five operations represented a potential fifty cents. Of course it is entirely unlikely that more than a very small percentage of those throats would have been

submitted to them. They nevertheless regarded the action of the Mount Sinai Hospital and the Board of Education as a wanton infringement, and set about putting a stop to it. Gradually at first, but with always increasing momentum, the rumor spread that the Christians were cutting the throats of the Jewish children, and at nearly the same time a new and horrible

Will things be better when there are more Spitskys in the proud possession of a Gentile education? Is conscience included in any curriculum? Are missionaries still looking for souls across far seas, and ignoring those daily cast upon their own shores? Is the life of a city safe when hundreds of thousands of its inhabitants understand neither its laws, its institutions, nor its language? Is the health of a city safe when its "ready to wear clothing" comes from a teeming section where its makers die like rats of tuberculosis in any of its loathsome forms? Men and women and children sleep, are born and die upon the unfinished garments, and who may recognize a death-bed when it has grown into an overcoat? Is the civilization of a country Christian when babies die of heat and hunger and preventable disease in a city full of the churches of that God who taught: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto Me." But the pastors have left town for the summer months.

And who will persuade these frenzied women that their timely arrival before the schools on last Wednesday did not prevent wholesale slaughter? Some may know it now, but the majority will still believe that they stormed the fortresses of the greatest of all civic powers and triumphed. And the Anarchists, the Socialists, the demagogues of all kinds who prey upon the hysterical East Side nature, were wonderfully eloquent that night.

And now the great East Side is one degree nearer to open revolt for a hideous lie is added to the list of wrongs which power has inflicted upon poverty. The schools are closed for vacation. Rents grow monthly higher, wages daily lower, the heat reaps its harvest, and every week brings new thousands to the Land of Promise, which sent forth to all the nations of the earth on a certain Fourth of July, this declaration: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."



"WHAT DID YOUSE WANT TO BUTT IN FOR?"

massacre broke out in Russia. Some of the youngsters admitted that Jakie or Beckie had been removed from their accustomed places; that there had been tales of throats and knives and doctors; that some one had been heard to scream, and that Jakie or Beckie had been seen no more. Red headlines in the papers told of new atrocities in Bialystok, and the women made Panic out of the two.

Fourth of July, this declaration: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

CURBING THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD

Some Results of the Year's Fight Against the Proprietary Association and Other Nostrum Venders

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

BARELY a year ago the representative of a widely used and alcoholic nostrum was giving me, cynically and frankly, an insight into the methods of the Great American Fraud. In explanation of his willingness to divulge the tricks of his trade, he said: "Exposures or threats of exposure don't bother the patent medicine people. We've been up against 'em before. What's ever come of it? A few bills introduced in State Legislatures, that never struggle out of committee; and Mr. Lawmaker who introduced the bill gets his return ticket to private life. We've got the newspapers because they need our money in their business. Public sentiment? A flash in the pan. You won't find any results coming from it. Patent medicine is about the best-paying proposition on the market. Fraud or no fraud, it's here to stay. And it's a fool politician who'll burn his fingers monkeying with it."

Arguments, Prayers, and Threats

This view, I believe, was fairly typical of the nostrum-makers' creed at the time it was enunciated. What a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream in one short year! On my desk, as I write, are letters from the Proprietary Association's agents, sent to legislators and newspapers in a score of States where patent medicine bills have been introduced: some imploring in tone, others rancorous, and still others argumentative, but one and all inspired with a lively and obvious apprehension. Gone is the cocksureness which years of successful bullying had inspired. The Great American Fraud has been, to employ a good American phrase, up against the fight of its life. In every State but one it has succeeded in repulsing the attacks of those who believe in honest labeling of nostrums; but these have been Pyrrhic victories, foreboding future defeat. And the supremely important battle in the Congress of the United States resulted in a complete and overwhelming rout for the Proprietary Association of America, in spite of the utmost strategy, fair and foul, of which its leaders are masters.

It is the Pure Food bill which has undermined the very foundations of the fraudulent nostrum trade, by putting an end to the general distribution of concealed narcotics, habit-forming drugs, and poisons. As passed, this measure provides that no patent medicine containing certain specified poisons can enter into interstate

commerce unless the proportion or quantity of such poisons be plainly stated on the label. This means that the murderous "dopes," such as "Bull's Cough Syrup" and "Kopp's Baby Friend—Warranted Harmless," must bear a warning on the label of the amount of morphine

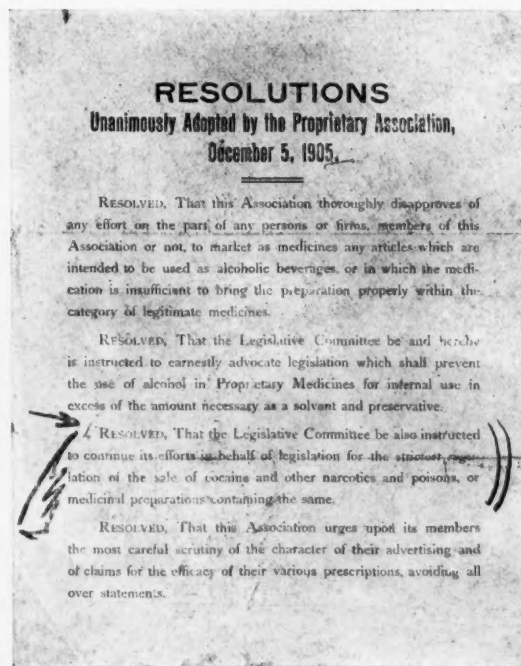
in them; that the heart-depressing headache powders and "anti-pain" tablets of the Bromo-Seltzer-Antikamnia-Hed Eze class can not pass from State to State unless they are labeled with the percentage or quantity of dangerous acetanilid whereby they produce their uncertain and debilitating effect; that the catarrh powders may no longer make cocaine-fiends of the unsuspecting, and that, finally, our old friend Peruna, prop of the total-abstinence tippler and inspiration of the conscientious aged and infirm, must, with all its congeners of the "booze" class, either proclaim its true alcoholic contents or confine itself to the State wherein it is manufactured.

It will be remembered that the Pure Food bill passed the Senate first. Its patent medicine clause was rather too general in nature to be very strong, but it was, nevertheless, a matter of alarm to the manufacturers. State Senator Beardsley of Indiana, the chief of the Proprietary Association's Press Bureau, hastened to Washington to see his political and personal friend, United States Senator Hemenway. Senator Hemenway was tremendously impressed by the arguments of his fellow Indian. To him the sinfulness of permitting any legislation which would interfere with the business of Mr. Beardsley's concern, the Dr. Miles Medical Co. of Elkhart, Indiana (which about that time had been declared fraudulent by a Pennsylvania court), was truly shocking. He said he'd see what he could do.

Joe Cannon Sits on a Tack

"Hemenway will fix it," was the word passed about among the dozen leading spirits of the patent medicine combine who were camping in Washington.

Telegrams of good-cheer went out to seventy-five of the chief patent medicine fakers, informing them that it would be all right: Hemenway was "on the job." He got his amendment in to the entire satisfaction of his friend Beardsley, who now turned his attention to the House, where Uncle Joe Cannon was preparing to sit upon the Pure Food bill. (Subsequently discovering that somebody had introduced a bent pin into the bill, he hastily arose.) There was plenty for the patent medicine people to do here, for the House bill embodied a clause that was a very Tartar. It declared misbranded any preparation which failed to bear upon its label the quantity or proportion of alcohol, or of "any opium,



THEY GOT WHAT THEY ASKED FOR

Resolutions passed by the patent medicine combine, for effect only, which "came true," to the dismay of the authors, in the Pure Food Law



CONGRESSMAN SLAYDEN, TEXAS

A stalwart debater in the Lower House who fought the great American fraud



CONGRESSMAN WEBB, NORTH CAROLINA

Whose Patent Medicine bill was largely incorporated in the Pure Food Law



SENATOR McCUMBER, NORTH DAKOTA

The chief supporter of the Pure Food bill in the Upper House of Congress



CONGRESSMAN ADAMS, WISCONSIN

The House's expert on Patent Medicine, whose untimely death occurred the 9th of July

cocaine, or other poisonous substance" contained therein. A wail of righteous indignation (manufactured according to the Proprietary Association's secret formula) rose from the press and the retail drug trade all over the country. Telegrams poured in upon the House of Representatives protesting against the bill as a blow at vested interests: newspapers, acting under threats of withdrawal of patent medicine advertising if the bill passed, besieged their Congressmen with pleas not to injure a business which provided so much easy profit. President Cheney, inventor of this newspaper-bullying scheme, the famous "red-clause contract," came hurrying to the national capital. Some kind of patent medicine legislation was bound to come, his lobbyists told him; the wise method was to render it as innocuous as possible. A Congressional agent was found in Representative Lovering of Massachusetts, who succeeded in arranging a "conference" with the sub-committee having the proprietary medicine clause in charge. Proceedings of a "conference," unlike those of a regular hearing, are not printed, therefore the arguments in behalf of the divine right of fraud-medicines to drug the public with secret poisons are not attainable. The Lovering amendment was accepted by the sub-committee, and the forces of "dope" rejoiced mightily, for, under the pretense of limiting the use of alcohol, opium, and morphine to an unimportant amount, it in reality gave free rein to the concerns which secretly use these habit-forming drugs in their preparations. The sub-committee, for reasons which will appear presently, accepted the "joker" permitting the undesignated use of two grains of opium and one-fourth of a grain of morphine to the ounce, and alcohol sufficient to act as a solvent. Just what the amendment meant was explained in an object-lesson by Congressman Webb of North Carolina, who had prepared a patent medicine bill of his own, but instead of presenting it as a separate measure, wisely concentrated his efforts upon incorporating its main provisions in the Pure Food bill, to which end he appeared before the committee with the following mixture of his own invention:

1 pint alcohol.
Resin to suit (resin, requiring almost 100 per cent of alcohol to dissolve it, would be the most convenient shield for unlabeled alcohol used "as a solvent," in accordance with the Lovering scheme).
Coloring matter, to taste.
32 grains opium.
4 grains morphine.

This is a preparation well calculated, as Mr. Webb explained, to produce drug habit when taken in small quantities, and to kill when taken in large quantities, yet it is well within the limits of the Lovering permit to poison. Why, then, did the sub-committee agree, with full understanding, to such a measure? The Chairman, Congressman James R. Mann of Illinois, explained, at the proper time, the strategy of the sub-committee's procedure.



CONGRESSMAN MANN, ILLINOIS

Leader in the victorious fight against the Proprietary Association of America

"I felt it would be a losing fight if the proprietary medicine people should stir up the papers any further against the House provision; that they had already succeeded in making many people believe that it was the Senate bill and not the House bill which contained the drug-labeling provision; that it was my plan to call the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce together just before the Pure Food bill came up for actual consideration in the House and ask the Committee to adopt a stringent amendment in place of the one which had been given out to the public [the Lovering amendment]; that I had canvassed the Committee as to the attitude of each individual member upon it, and felt absolutely confident of success, but that if this were known, it would stir up the proprietary medicine association and we would again commence to receive urgent pleas from all parts of the country to take the Senate bill (containing nothing on the subject) in place of the House bill."

The Pure Food Bill in the House

Through a misunderstanding for which I was myself, unfortunately, responsible, this program of strategy got into the newspapers prematurely. Mr. Mann's foresight was amply justified. In wild alarm the Proprietary Association began to use its utmost powers upon the newspapers, the druggists, and even the medical profession. Several medical associations were fooled into passing resolutions urging the House Committee to accept the supposed Senate provision restricting the use of narcotics—whereas the Senate bill was absolutely silent on this point! Newspapers, some in good faith, some terrorized by Proprietary Association bludgeoning, urged the Senate bill. Telegrams began to pour in again. But Mr. Mann knew that his committee would stand back of him when the issue was joined. Of the temper of the House, too, there was abundant evidence. Mr. Adams of Wisconsin, a former Food Commissioner and an expert on nostrums, announced that any attempt to foist the Lovering amendment upon the House would be the signal for trouble on the floor. Mr. Payne of New York, Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin, Mr. Slayden of Texas, Mr. Webb of North Carolina, and other members arraigned themselves against the amendment. Such powerful and independent newspapers as the Chicago "Tribune," the New York "Times," the Indianapolis "News," the Springfield "Republican," the Washington "Times," the New York "Evening Post," and the New York "Tribune" came out in a flat-footed demand (some of them imperiling a large source of their advertising profits in so doing) that dangerous drugs in patent medicines should be honestly labeled.

The Lovering amendment never saw the light of day. In its place Mr. Mann offered a patent medicine amendment which more than confirmed the worst fears of the nostrum manufacturers, since it required the labeling not only of morphine, opium, and cocaine, but added also acetanilid, chloroform, cannabis indica, chloral hydrate, or any of their preparations or derivations. The only weakness in the bill was a license for the use of undesignated alcohol. In a notable speech, in which the Proprietary Association of America came in for the severest arraignment in its history, Mr. Mann called upon the House to put an end to secret poisoning by fraudulent nostrums.

Not one voice was raised in opposition. The only discussion was on the question of making the bill as strong as possible. Mr. Adams of Wisconsin contended for the original clause, embodying the words, "opium, cocaine, or other poisonous substance," but this was lost, because of the alleged difficulty of determining what constituted a poisonous substance. Mr. Payne of New York stopped a promising loophole by killing the clause which excepts the prescription of a regular physician, pointing out that regular physicians' prescriptions do not enter into interstate commerce, and that the nostrums could evade labeling by hiring disreputable practitioners to furnish prescriptions, wholesale, calling for their particular proprietary. The bill, including the stringent patent medicine clause, passed and went into conference, where the lobbyists for the fraud interests made their last stand, hoping to influence the Senate conferees.

But Senator Heyburn, the author of the Senate bill, and Senator McCumber, its principal champion, had seen their measure weakened once; there was little danger of further chipping and paring from the Senate side while they were managing the measure. The bill came out of conference not impaired, but strengthened

by the excision of the alcohol exemption, so that as it now stands it would compel Mr. Webb's object-lesson "dope" to be labeled not only with its contents of opium and morphine, but also with its amount of alcohol, whether used as a solvent or in any other way. It was a complete knockout for the Proprietary Association of America.

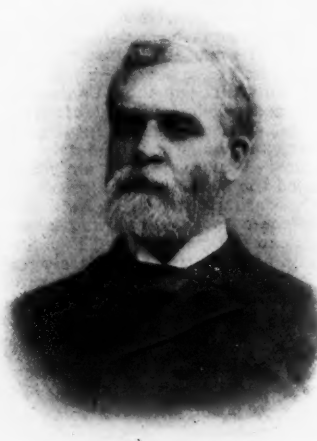
Undoubtedly, the enactment of a national law will give a powerful impetus to State laws by furnishing a model. As heretofore, the Proprietary Association has succeeded this year in defeating most of the legislation designed to keep nostrums within the limits of reasonable honesty, but not without unusual effort and expense and, what is most dangerous and distasteful to dishonest business of whatever kind, wide publicity. In New York, the Stevens-Wainwright bill, providing that a long list of poisons could be used in patent medicines only when labeled, was surprisingly well supported.

Nearly every considerable newspaper in the State published the straight news about the bill, and many of them warmly supported it. After passing the Senate, the bill failed in Assembly, not by a vote, but by a trick of delaying amendments which saved its opponents the necessity of announcing their allegiance.

Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland, Iowa, Kentucky, Virginia, Mississippi, and South Carolina all had patent medicine bills up for consideration, and while none of these passed, the newspaper comment was so widespread as to arouse a public sentiment which will strongly back the measures when they are again brought forward.

Massachusetts Gains a Little

Massachusetts provided the one local victory of the year, and that by no means a complete one. The bill passed, but with the Proprietary Association amendment permitting the use of alcohol, opium, and morphine, unlabeled. This is the same as the Lovering amendment which Congressman Mann defeated in the Pure Food bill. It renders the Massachusetts bill worthless in practice as regards these drugs, but it establishes the principle of patent medicine control, and it carries an admirable provision absolutely prohibiting the sale of cocaine or eucaïne in patent medicines. Furthermore, the Boston newspapers, formerly (with the exception of the "Transcript") gagged and strangled by the "red-clause contract," printed the news of the hearing. Steps will be taken to amend and strengthen the present law next year. In most of the States where the efforts were unsuccessful the attack will be resumed next session, and other States will take up the matter, among them Texas, Indiana, Illinois, New Hampshire, and probably North Carolina. There is every reason to believe that within a few years a majority of the States will have passed patent medicine bills, providing, at the most radical, for the publication of entire formulas; at the least, for such labeling of dangerous drugs as the Pure Food bill now requires in interstate commerce.



CONGRESSMAN PAYNE, NEW YORK

One of the powerful supporters of the Patent Medicine clause

THE HERB DOCTOR



A REWARD OF DEVOTION FROM A WOMAN SCORNE

By ALICE BROWN

HETTY GRISWOLD lived in the little house beyond the pine woods on the Fairfax road. It was a bleak-looking house in winter, but when summer came the tangled front yard bloomed out gloriously. Over the front door was a sign in rude lettering, rather faded: "Herb Doctor and Eclectic Physician." The air in that part of the town had odors of its own. There was the smell of pine and the crisp tang of the upland breeze. People who came to Hetty's door for herbs always felt irrationally helped by the air itself. No wonder, they told her, she looked so brown and well. To-night she was cooking her supper over the kitchen stove. It was bright autumn weather, and the early dusk was falling, with a touch of cold. Hetty stirred briskly about, seasoning and tasting, and, as she always did, eating half her supper while it was in process. She was very little, and tanned brown by her outdoor life. Her bright eyes looked as if they were fitted for exactly the use she put them to: peering under forest shadows for herbs, and separating healing roots. There was a knock at the front door. Hetty was in the act of turning out her browned hash upon a plate. "The land!" she breathed; and while she was setting the hash on the table the knock came again. She hurried through the formal sitting-room, half office, where bottles of tonic were ranged in the corner cupboard and a smell of herbs arose, to the little front entry. She dragged at the sagging door and, when it opened, almost fell back with the weight of it and her surprise at what she saw. It was an eager woman as small as herself, with a faded fair skin, and blond hair that had once been beautiful pulled back from her face and wound into a knot. Hetty regarded her almost with terror.

"What is it?" she breathed, and then added tumultuously, as if she must: "Anybody sick?"

The other woman faced her with a look as eager. She seemed much moved, but in a fashion that made her cold rather than hot. Her bare hands, hard and uncared for, were clasped outside her shawl, and once she set her rusty brown hat straight, with a kind of scorn of any such pretense at palliation.

"Mebbe you don't know who I am?" she began in an eager plunge, upon the heels of which Hetty's voice came curtly:

"I guess I know's much as anybody could tell me. You was Mattie Green, an' you married my husband after he was divorced from me so't you could."

The statement sounded, not harsh, but merely blunt and true. Hetty seemed to have been constrained to make it, chiefly by the surprise of the moment. It shook out of her a classification she had often dwelt on in solitude, for the enlightenment of her own brooding mind. It did not sting. It scarcely made a ripple upon the other woman's great disquiet.

"He's sick," she said, with simple pathos.

"Who's sick?" Hetty asked it with the vague obstinacy of one who could assume no knowledge of the household that had once been hers.

"Enoch. He wants you should do suthin' for him."

Hetty's tanned face looked suddenly stricken, though perhaps only with wonder. But immediately she seemed older, and a distinct anxiety overspread her.

"You come in," she said. "I ain't had my supper yet." She led the way into the kitchen, and the other woman unhesitatingly followed her. Hetty drew a low rocking-chair to the stove and opened the oven door. "You can put your feet in, if you're cold," she said abruptly, and Mattie immediately took the chair and lifted her pathetically ill-shod feet to the flooding warmth. Hetty gave a glance at her table, and, finding it needed butter, brought it from the cellarway. She placed her own chair, and then she hesitated.

"Won't you draw up?" she asked.

But the woman shook her head.

"I had me a cup o' tea afore I started," she explained. "I ain't had much appetite for some time. Where was I? Oh! I told you he's sick. Well, he's been up an' down goin' on ten months now, fust sciatica an' then kinder beat out all over. Now he's took to his bed, an' if suthin' don't rouse him it's my belief he never'll leave it." She paused to wipe away a tear

with the corner of her shawl. Yet it had hardly the dignity of a tear lying in the meagre hollow about her eyes; it might have been brought by the cold and not through grief.

Meantime Hetty had been eating steadily, helping herself to the hash and her cup of steaming tea, like one who sees something difficult before her and knows, through custom, that the body must be heartened by good food. The other woman, in her dry despair, looked as if she had long given up all thought of such aids to life, as if she spent her strength recklessly, knowing the outcome was sure to be the same. She held her hands to the stove and went on again:

"He's bore it pretty well up to now, but day 'fore yesterday he kinder give out. 'Mattie,' says he to me then—'twas as if he couldn't help it—'if Hetty was only here she'd see what 'twas was the matter o' me. She'd know what to do.'"

Hetty looked steadily into her plate, and continued to eat as if she had no other thought. But once she glanced up, and her eyes were brimming.

"I knew you was a kind of a doctor," said the wife. "Once I rode by here an' I see your sign over the door—"

"That was uncle's sign," said Hetty, in a steady voice. "He lived here a good many year, an' when he died I let the sign be, same's it was. I keep up the herb trade, but I ain't eclectic. I couldn't hold a candle to him."

But the woman had not heard.

"I says to him," she continued, "'Why, I'll go right over an' see. Mebbe she'd know in a minute. Mebbe she's got some trade on hand.' So I got Sally Dwight to set with him this afternoon, an' I clipped it right through the woods. You got anything put up?" she added anxiously, "any kind of a tonic you'd recommend?"

"No," said Hetty, "I don't know's I have."

The coldness of her denial seemed to rouse the woman like a new rebuff from hostile destiny. She rose hastily.

"Se' down," said Hetty, roughly.

Mattie sank into her chair, and Hetty leaned back in



Mattie lifted her ill-shod feet to the flooding warmth

hers, regarding her plate with unseeing eyes. Half an hour before she had been a woman of middle age, in assured and vigorous health. Her face had crumbled into lines. Her mouth shut bitterly and dropped at the corners. She looked old.

"Wait a minute," she said. "You wait."

The woman waited, as it seemed to her for a long time. Then she stole a glance at the window and at the deepening shadows, and felt constrained to speak: "Mebbe if you could send him suthin'," she suggested timidly, "whether or no you thought 'twould do much good, it might cheer him up a mite."

Hetty got upon her feet with the haste of a quick resolve.

"You set a spell," she said. "I'm goin' along with ye."

While she made her swift preparations, the wife continued to stare at her with eyes of wonder. They followed her about the room in a dull interrogation until once Hetty, confronted as she turned from making up her little bundle, was on the point of crying, "Don't!" adding, in her mind, "you make me as nervous as a witch." But instead she announced, and not unkindly: "Now we'll be gettin' along. You step out, an' I'll lock up."

Mattie scurried over the doorstep with the haste of running water, and began climbing the boundary wall between Hetty's little garden and the woods.

"You know the way 'acrost?" she called.

Hetty was tying her key in her handkerchief, and now she thrust both into the bottom of a long pocket. She nodded, put her steady foot upon a stone she knew of old, and stepped over.

"Lemuel Dwight, he kinder marked out the path for me," Mattie explained, as they went on through the narrow way. "I dunno what he thought I wanted on't, but I'd made up my mind to come."

Hetty made no answer. She went steadily ahead, down the knoll and over the stepping stones of the hurrying brook. As the path widened, so that they walked for a moment abreast, she said abruptly:

"He used to have sick spells."

"He said so," returned Mattie, eager for communion. "He said sometimes he laid for months all beat out, an' nobody knew what ailed him nor he didn't himself."

"Twice," confirmed Hetty, in her unmoved voice. "'Twas twice in all."

Half an hour later, as they were crossing the brown stubble of a field, she spoke again. "His heart ain't right. It never has be'n."

"So he said," avowed Mattie, in wonder at their agreement. "I'm worried to death."

Thereafter Hetty's mind dwelt upon Mattie herself with a kind of wondering scorn. She had never seen anybody with so little brain, or a brain so feebly adapted to work. Mattie had always been a mystery to her, first in the power of her blond prettiness when she came to visit a neighbor, and Enoch had followed her. Hetty wondered why. There was scarcely a night now, after all the years of separation, when she did not go to sleep asking herself why Enoch had been carried away by Mattie James. But she never guessed. She knew Enoch well, and it would not have surprised her if he had been bewitched by certain women she had seen. He had wild moods and wandering blood in him. He was a farmer by force of circumstance, and yet at heart a man born at least to hunger for adventure if he might not share it. And from the moment of her quitting his house, to leave it for another tenant, until to-night, she had never been able to see anything but a meagre foolishness in the affair that lured him from the track.

It was dark when they walked up the path to the great weather-worn house they knew.

"Take care," said Mattie at the door, "there's a kind of a holler there."

"I know it," said Hetty, with an involuntary sharpness; but she followed meekly in, and while Mattie hurried through into the west room where Enoch lay, she stood taking off her bonnet in the entry. She folded her shawl with firm hands, placed it with the bonnet on the table, and then smoothed her hair and

waited, her face unmoved. Mattie returned in a moment, tremulous with haste.

"He can't hardly sense it," she explained. "I've sent Sally Dwight home t'other way. Mebbe you better come right in an' see him."

Hetty gave a sound of commonplace assent, but, at the threshold, her foot halted; she steadied herself by a hand upon the casing of the door. When she crossed the sitting-room her eyes were blurred, not, indeed, by tears, but through some inward wavering. She could not have told whether the room had stayed unchanged. Only the ticking of the clock drew her eyes for a swift, recognizing look. It was the old eight-day, and the moon was in the last quarter. In the bedroom a lamp was burning, and a fire blazed upon the hearth. Enoch lay high upon his pillows and watched the door. He was an old man, older in looks than his years warranted, through the nervous whirlwinds that had driven him on difficult roads. His red hair had no gray in it, and his red brown eyes were full of a hungry light; yet he was worn out. Within sight of him, Hetty instantly lost her immobility and relaxed into a sane and kind humanity. She advanced to the bedside and sat down in the chair. There she regarded him pleasantly, though she did not touch the hand that had stirred feebly for an instant, as if to meet her own.

"How be you?" she asked soothingly.

He was studying her face, as if his eyes would never leave it.

"Don't it seem strange?" he said, half to himself.

Mattie pressed forward a step into the light, not as if to share the moment, but with a candid wish to do him service. He did not look at her.

"I could count the times I've seen you," he went on, "all these years."

"You feel any appetite?" Hetty asked him, from the same resolute calm.

He laughed.

"That's like you for all the world," he said. This time he did include the other woman in a confidential glance. "I should know who 'twas among a thousand. Always fixin' folks up with suthin' to eat!"

Hetty, too, laughed as women humor men. She rose.

"Well," she said, "if you ain't had any milk porridge, I'm goin' to make you a mite." She looked at Mattie and the wife nodded.

"No," Enoch was murmuring. "No. Don't you go. You set here by me."

"Bye-bye," called Hetty cheerfully from the doorway. "We'll both on us be back in a minute."

Mattie, after a word with him, had followed her into the sitting-room, where Hetty stood by the window now, gripping the sash with both hands and looking out into the night. The wife came up behind her and waited.

"Well," she said timidly, after a moment, "how's he seem to you?"

Hetty answered, without turning. Her voice was dry and hard.

"He'll never see another spring."

Mattie sank into the chair beside her and began a noiseless crying into her apron. Hetty, turning, looked at her a moment as if she were a part of the furnishing of the room that might have to be moved elsewhere. Then she laid a hand on her shoulder and shook it lightly.

"Stop that," she said. "He'll hear ye. Besides, there's things to do."

Mattie rose, her face a blur of tears and the waste of them dripping down unheeded, and went into the pantry with a step from which the force of the last hour had gone away. "Here," she called. "You goin' to stir up a mite o' porridge? Here's the flour."

Hetty also had risen, to open her little bundle and take an apron from it. She tied on the apron as if it were the panoply of war, and, so equipped, she might enter upon the service she understood. Mattie left her quite free, with a bright fire, and withdrew into Enoch's room; and Hetty found herself busy in her own kitchen, as it had used to be, cooking at the old stove, whose faults and crankiness she remembered as if the other life had been of yesterday. When she went into the bedroom again Enoch regarded her eagerly, as if his eyes had long been watching for her.

"You won't think o' goin' back to-night?" he said timidly, as one proffering a petition.

Mattie spoke at once, with an air of wishing to do her utmost, yet not knowing how it would be taken.

"It'll be terrible dark goin' across them woods."

"I'll stretch out on the sittin'-room lounge," said Hetty casually. "I can sleep 'most anywhere."

Then Enoch took his broth and was content. That night Hetty kept watch in the sitting-room, stealing out from time to time to feed the fire, and twice when Mattie appeared, like a tired ghost, heating a cup of something, and waving her away with it to the sick man. In the morning she had breakfast ready, and looked, in her healthy endurance, as if she had slept

profoundly. The other woman, worn with work, plucked up a little courage, seeing her. She felt in a vague way not only that Enoch had somebody to stand by him, but that she had somebody to stand by her. The right thing would be done. Later in the forenoon, when Mattie had gone into the sitting-room to sleep, and a broad track of sunlight lay across the bedroom floor, Hetty sat by the window, a stocking in her hand, and knit and talked. By day, Enoch's face, in its ravaged state, was dreadful to her. He was painfully thin, and the lonesome look of his eyes betrayed an apprehensive mind. But they lighted a little now, in their devastated hollows. Hetty was telling him some story of her peddling herbs across the river, and coming upon a man in the same business, who proposed to buy the recipe for her tonic, and who yet hardly knew pennyroyal from dock. Her eyes gleamed over the satire of a situation she appreciated, and a little color came into her cheeks. Enoch smiled, too; but presently he said wonderingly:

"You ain't changed so much as anybody'd think. Seems if you wan't hardly a day older than when I see you last."

Hetty laughed again, not mirthfully, but as one evades a moment she must not consider.

"I was always as old as the hills," she said ruthlessly. "If I ain't changed, it's because there's nothin' about me wuth changin', I guess. When I wan't more'n sixteen, they used to call me old Gra'mother Thurston."

Enoch laughed at that, and Mattie, coming in from her nap, but just begun, as she had an uneasy way of doing, looked at him in wonder.

Thereafter the days went on in an even course.

Hetty did not propose going, nor did the other woman dream she would. Enoch settled into a placid acceptance of his sick state, and seemed to gain some

"There was suthin' you used to do to it, slate pencils or suthin'. I never done it myself. I hadn't no faculty that way; but one time 'twas all the go. You clip it up chamber an' fix yourself up."

Mattie gazed at her. "Come!" urged Hetty. "Come! You've got nothin' else to do, for I'm goin' to set the dinner on the table. You hunt up a piece o' blue ribbin, too, an' pin it on some'er'es. I'm tired an' sick o' seein' you look as if you's sent for."

Mattie rose like an uncomplaining little drudge and went upstairs, as she had followed all Hetty's commands in their strange relation. She patiently adorned herself, and even discovered, in her bureau drawer, some lace and ribbon for her neck. There was no vestige of old coquetry alive in her. She had dressed years ago from the instinct that bids the mating animal preen itself, and, still the slave of nature, she had lost the desire when it would no longer serve. She came timidly into the kitchen, seeking Hetty's eye for approval or dissent. Hetty regarded her with a brief dissatisfaction. She had, she found, expected the old radiant vision of milk-white youth.

"Well," she said, "that's suthin'. Now, you go in an' read the paper out loud."

Mattie, sidling into the room with the paper, did not look at Enoch until he interrogated her with a languid interest:

"What you dressed up for?"

"She's goin' to play lady now," said Hetty, coming in on the heels of his speech. "She got kinder beat out 'fore I come, an' now I'm goin' to clean house an' let her set by."

"I s'pose she did," said Enoch, "I s'pose she did git beat out. Well, mebbe 'twon't last long. Seems if I was inchin' along."

Then Hetty, a little at a time, began to clean house.

Mattie was an indifferent housekeeper. There was no "passion for perfection" within her: only the acquiescent habit of making things do. Hetty flew at the house she had once so loved with the ardor of the heart returned to a possession long withheld. There were obscure corners now, all clutter and disarray, and she exposed them unflinchingly to the light. One by one, beginning at the top, the rooms were made to shine with neatness, and the air smelled of soap. She even picked over the rags in readiness for the pedler, and made sundry rolls for braiding and drawing-in. Enoch, hearing the bustle and stir outside his room, and learning from the two women the hourly accomplishment, grew wholesomely interested, and presently ventured:

"Mebbe I can git up 'fore long an' see how things seem."

The three had settled into a life of their own, as self-bounded as if it were on a lonely island. At first, when the news went about that Enoch's wife had come back, the neighbors flocked in to assure themselves, and one or two acquaintances drove from a distance because they could not believe their ears. But Mattie

came out from the bedroom to receive them, and Hetty was always hard at work, either in the kitchen or coming in from another room to exchange a commonplace word, and they went away to accept the situation, perplexed, and yet pleased, in a kindly way, because Mattie had some one to stand by her in her straits. The doctor came and mused a little, as he left, over the wholeness of human nature, and the minister called to inquire and merely prayed instead, a good general prayer calculated to hurt no one. The two women and the man had found themselves reduced to the simplest possible state of being where, help being needed, it was given and accepted with no admixture of passion or hot blood. Every day Enoch gained a little, though whether in contentment or in bodily strength not even the doctor knew. And one night when the cold had begun to strengthen, though the days were short, Hetty remarked to the wife:

"You needn't say anything to him; but I guess this week I'll be pickin' up my things."

Mattie looked the terror of a child about to be left alone in the dark.

"Where you goin'?" she demanded.

Hetty answered briskly:

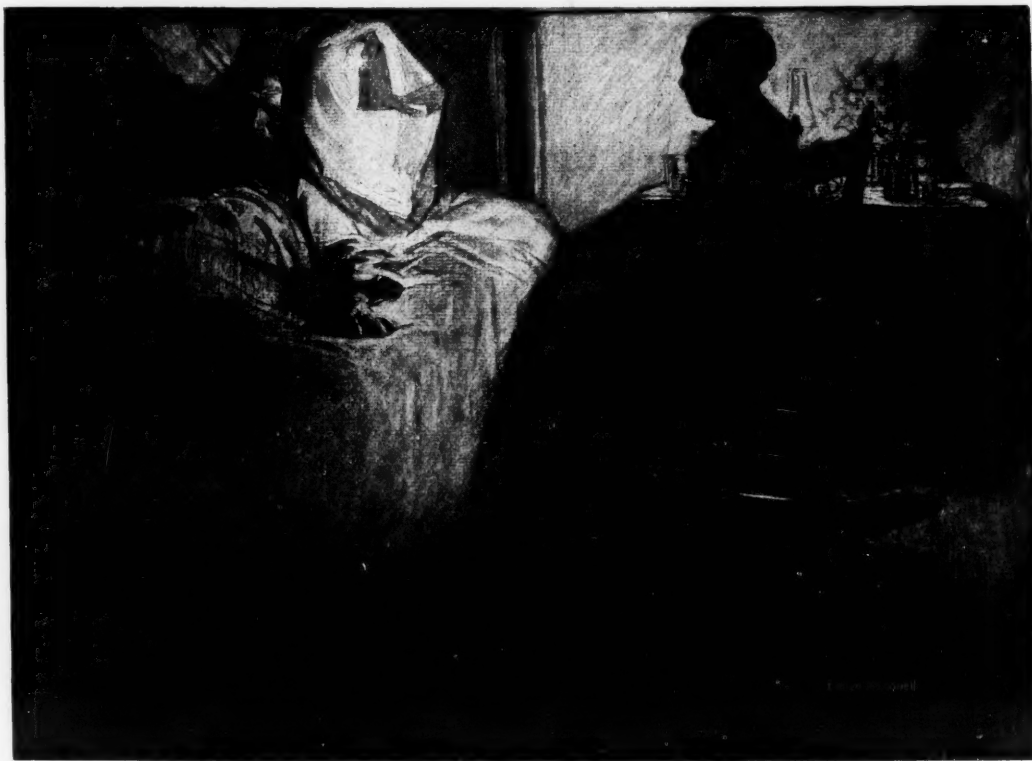
"I've got to go home an' 'tend to things 'fore I go away."

"You goin' away?" faltered the woman.

"Yes. I ain't sayin' much about it, but I've got a kind of a plan. One o' these nights I'll slip out an' nobody needn't know it till I'm gone."

"He never'd ha' got well in this world if it hadn't been for you," said Mattie. Her eyes were wet, and she looked as if, but for her timidity, she would have said things futher to the purpose.

"That tonic's the beater," said Hetty. "I guess if the doctors knew all uncle could ha' told 'em, they'd do better'n what they do."



The lonesome look of his eyes betrayed an apprehensive mind

strength from acquiescence. One day Hetty came out of his room with something new, something alert and bright, shining from her eyes. She followed Mattie into the shed where the little futile, painstaking creature was picking up kindling.

"I dunno's I was right," Hetty began abruptly. "When I see him that fust night I thought he was struck o' death. Now seems if mebbe he'd pull through."

Mattie dropped the basket and sank down beside it. Two tears gathered and rolled over her wan face. But what she said was amazing to Hetty.

"Don't you go away the minute he seems a mite better. You see'f you can pull him through."

"I ain't goin' away," said Hetty briskly. "Not yet, leastways." Then it came to her that if he did get well, they would not be living half in another world and half in this, as it had been of late, and she added, with a hasty resolution: "I ain't goin' to spend the winter round here anyways. I'm goin' to shet up my house. Mebbe I shall go out West."

But the hope in her face had changed it, and when she went in to carry Enoch the big apple a neighbor had sent him, he caught at the new brightness.

"Seems if you never'd had a day's sickness in your life," he mused. "Mebbe that's how you've kep' so young."

"Mebbe it's because I'm outdoors so much," said Hetty practically. "I'm a kind of a woodsman, that's what I be." But she went out into the kitchen where Mattie sat rocking by the window, also cherishing a fragment of hope. "Look here," said Hetty, not unkindly, "you stir yourself an' git up an' crimp your hair."

Mattie put one bewildered hand to the pale strands she had twisted back in her combing.

"Why, I ain't goin' anywhere," she demurred. "Besides, I don't ever crimp it."

"You git up an' do it," said Hetty unflinchingly.



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THE HERB DOCTOR

(Continued from page 19)

That night Enoch had the mysterious chill that caused the two women to rouse the next neighbor and send him for the doctor. Then there were three days of pain and terror, and on the night of the third he was very weak. Mattie was sleeping a moment, in the sitting-room, and Hetty sat beside his bed. Suddenly from his doze, he fixed clear eyes upon her.

"I didn't do the right thing by you," he said.

She bent over him and gave the sheet a tender touch she could not give to him. "You try an' drop off a minute now," she said, in a tone not even he had heard from her.

"I ain't done the right thing by you," he repeated, as if it were a confession he was bound to make. "I knew it at the time. I said to myself I should be sorry for it, the longest day I lived—an' I have been."

"Them things are past an' gone," said Hetty calmly. "I guess there's good come out of 'em, leastways if we make up our minds to have it so. There ain't nothin' ye can't git good out of, if ye try." She spoke soothingly, not so much to convince him, as with the hope that the words would bear him into sleep. His eyes were fixed upon her solemnly. She knew that look. She had seen it in many eyes about to close.

"Seems strange we never come acrost one another all this time," he went on. "Mebbe we tried not to. I know I never took that road. Mebbe you kep' away from me."

Hetty laughed in what seemed a passing lightness.

"Law," said she, "I've kinder lived in the woods. I have to, gettin' herbs an' so. It's made me real tough, but it's kep' me away from folks. Now you lay still a minute an' see if you can't drop off."

He moved his hand slightly.

"You—you take hold o' me," he said, and Hetty laid her hand firmly upon his. Then he shut his eyes and seemed to rest.

In an hour or more she heard Mattie stirring in the kitchen, and watching his face meantime, she gently took her hand from the tightening grasp. She rose noiselessly and met Mattie at the door.

"You go an' set down an' take hold of his hand," she whispered her. "Hold it real warm an' close. 'Twon't be long."

A look of terror flitted over the woman's face.

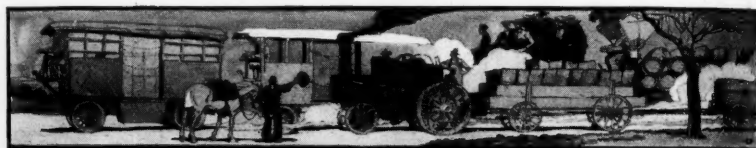
"Don't you go away," she breathed. "I'm kinder 'fraid."

Hetty spoke tenderly, almost with the brooding note she had used to the dying man.

"I'll stay right by. Don't you be afraid."

Mattie sank into the chair and placed a timid hand upon the one pathetically waiting. Then Hetty sat down on the other side of the bed. At twelve she rose again.

"There!" she said. "There! it's over."



THE POWER WAGON

By JAMES E. HOMANS

Third Paper: Common Service Commercial Automobiles

IN the previous article we have discussed some conditions of ideal efficiency in a commercial automobile. That presently existing difficulties will speedily disappear, as the demand for utility vehicles increases, is a hope we may reasonably indulge. In the power wagon we are dealing with the automobile for revenue only, otherwise the automobile-in-earnest.

Up to the present time the bugaboo of great expenditures for tire repairs has been a conspicuous obstacle. As already stated, however, the constant advance in spring design is rapidly reducing its significance. The wood-block tire promises hopefully, particularly for heavy wagons, and even the steel tire has some advocates.

Bad roads and bad springs, over-speeding, overloading, and general abuse will inevitably result in tire deterioration, but, except where very inferior tires have been used, the immense figures frequently given for tire repairs and replacements are difficult to understand. A commercial auto builder has furnished an estimate on the average duration of solid rubber tires, stating that a run of 15,000 miles should be possible with any well-made set. After that they may be remade at about thirty per cent of the original cost, the total running efficiency being 30,000 miles. Average tire life seems to range somewhere about 12,000 miles per set. A prominent authority states that the life of solid rubber tires for heavy electric trucks is between five and twenty months on the front wheels, and between six and twelve months on the rear wheels, according to the make, and under an average load of ten tons, divided about evenly between the wagon and its freight. Taking the daily mileage as thirty the distance traveled per month would be about 800 miles, which gives a tire-life ranging from 4,000 to 16,000 miles.

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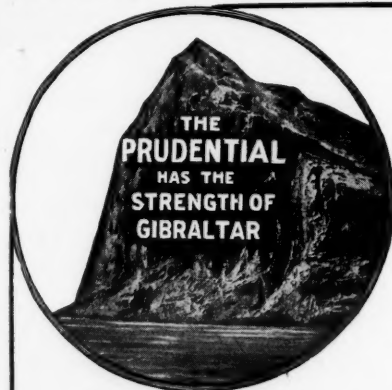
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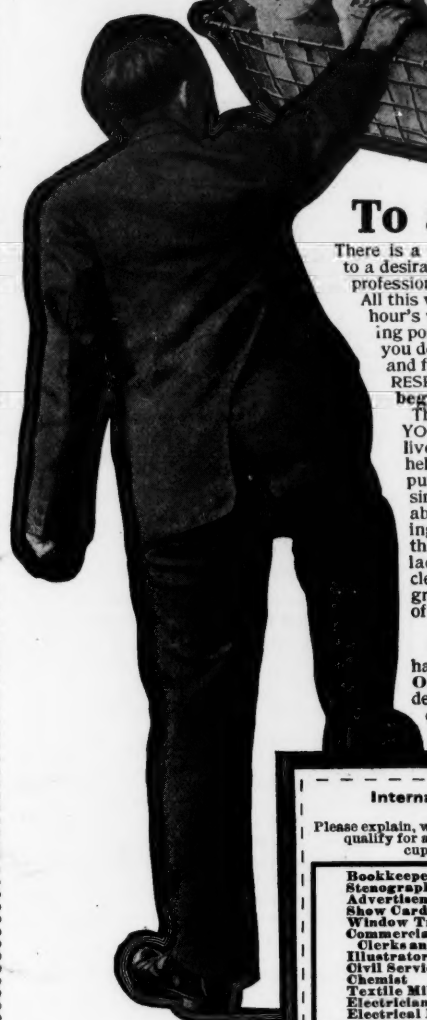
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THE POWER WAGON

(Continued from page 20)

springs. Users of commercial automobiles are accustomed to include the general depreciation of their machines as one of the items of expense. This depreciation is usually estimated at some unreasonably high figure, and made to appear quite serious.

Some depreciation is inevitable, of course, and it is doubtless true that, after a year's use, no wagon could be sold at the figure originally paid for it, which represents not only its actual worth as an industrial product, but also the profits of the manufacturer. The situation is extremely simple, however. A given amount of work in hauling or transportation must be accomplished. It can be done only by horses or motor wagons. A horse can accomplish just so much, and no more, in a day. There is no economy in driving a horse to death. A power wagon can work all day, if kept in reasonable order. When it is run constantly and allowed to do anything like the amount of work of which it is capable, the money saved, over and above the cost of maintaining horses to accomplish the same results, would figure out a large saving, even with such repairs as are necessitated by careless handling.

By apparently common consent, the combined interest and depreciation on a horse or motor wagon outfit is estimated at about fifteen per cent of the original cost. Taking the case of the Chicago Public Library outfit of four 2,500-pound automobiles doing the work of seven wagons and twenty-one horses, we have:

FOR HORSE WAGONS		FOR AUTOMOBILES	
Cost of 21 horses at \$150	\$3,150	Cost of 4 automobiles at \$2,500	\$10,000
Cost of 7 wagons at \$200	1,400	Yearly cost of operating at \$1,620 per auto per year	\$6,480
Cost of 7 sets of harness at \$50	350	Interest and depreciation at 15 per cent	1,500
Total minimum cost of outfit	\$4,900	Total annual expense of operating	7,980
Yearly cost of operating at \$1,380 per wagon per year	\$9,660	Total expenditure first year	\$17,980
Interest and depreciation at 15 per cent	735		
Total annual expense of operating	10,395		
Total expenditure first year	\$15,295		

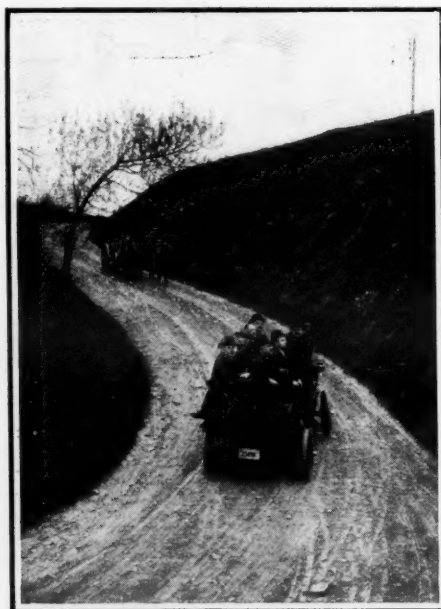
As the commercial automobile is a new proposition, its endurance as built may be assumed to be problematical. The average life of a horse in common draft service is given as four years. Assuming, therefore, that the annual cost for running the horses and automobiles is constant as above, the end of the fourth year finds totals as follows:

FOR HORSE WAGONS		FOR AUTOMOBILES	
First cost	\$4,900	First cost	\$10,000
Four years' operating at \$10,395	41,580	Four years' operating at \$7,980	31,920
Total expenditure	\$46,480	Total expenditure	\$41,920

MONEY SAVED

Total difference in all expenses	\$4,560
Difference of cost in operating	9,660

The annual running expense for the horse teams is over 212 per cent of the first cost; for automobiles it is less than 80 per cent. The difference in running expenses at the end of four years would nearly enable the purchase of four new automobiles. The total expenses would figure a saving of \$4,560 over horse and wagon service, nearly enough for two new automobiles; provided all the horses survived and all the automobiles were constantly operated. "There comes the rub," however. An automobile is like Ben Franklin's jack-knife—first, new blades, then a new handle, and it lasts a lifetime. So long as the manufacturers remain solvent, duplicate parts may always be purchased until the entire machine is a "duplicate." For horses, however, there are no "duplicate parts"—an asphalt street, a broken leg, repairs impossible, horse "all in," another \$150 in the debit column. Enough said!



A TEST FOR BRAKES AND TIRES

A Rapid wagon held by its brakes on a 20 per cent grade

a monthly charge of \$120 for the Rapid doing the work of two one-horse wagons at \$140, total \$280, saving \$160. One man saves \$972 per year, the other \$1,920. A retail firm using a Knox delivery reports a total monthly expense of \$120, as against \$232 for two two-horse teams, supplanting, representing a saving of \$107 monthly, or \$1,284 annually. Another retail dealer, who has used an automobile for retail delivery during several months, states, as a result of very complete and accurate accounts kept on its performance, that, all expenses considered, the cost per package is less than one-third that incurred with the use of horses. His figure is 2 1/10 cents per package delivered.

Lyon & Healy, the famous piano dealers of Chicago, use three Knox wagons for piano deliveries in the city and vicinity. Each wagon averages between forty-five and sixty miles per day, making two long trips, and delivering from four to six pianos; each, therefore, does the work in draft, time, and mileage of three double-horse wagons. During December, 1905, this house delivered 359 pianos on its power wagons, 200 of them in Christmas week. One wagon in twenty-five days of this month covered 1,016 miles, consuming 137 gallons of gasoline—a rate of about 7 1/2 miles per gallon—under loads averaging 2,500 pounds.

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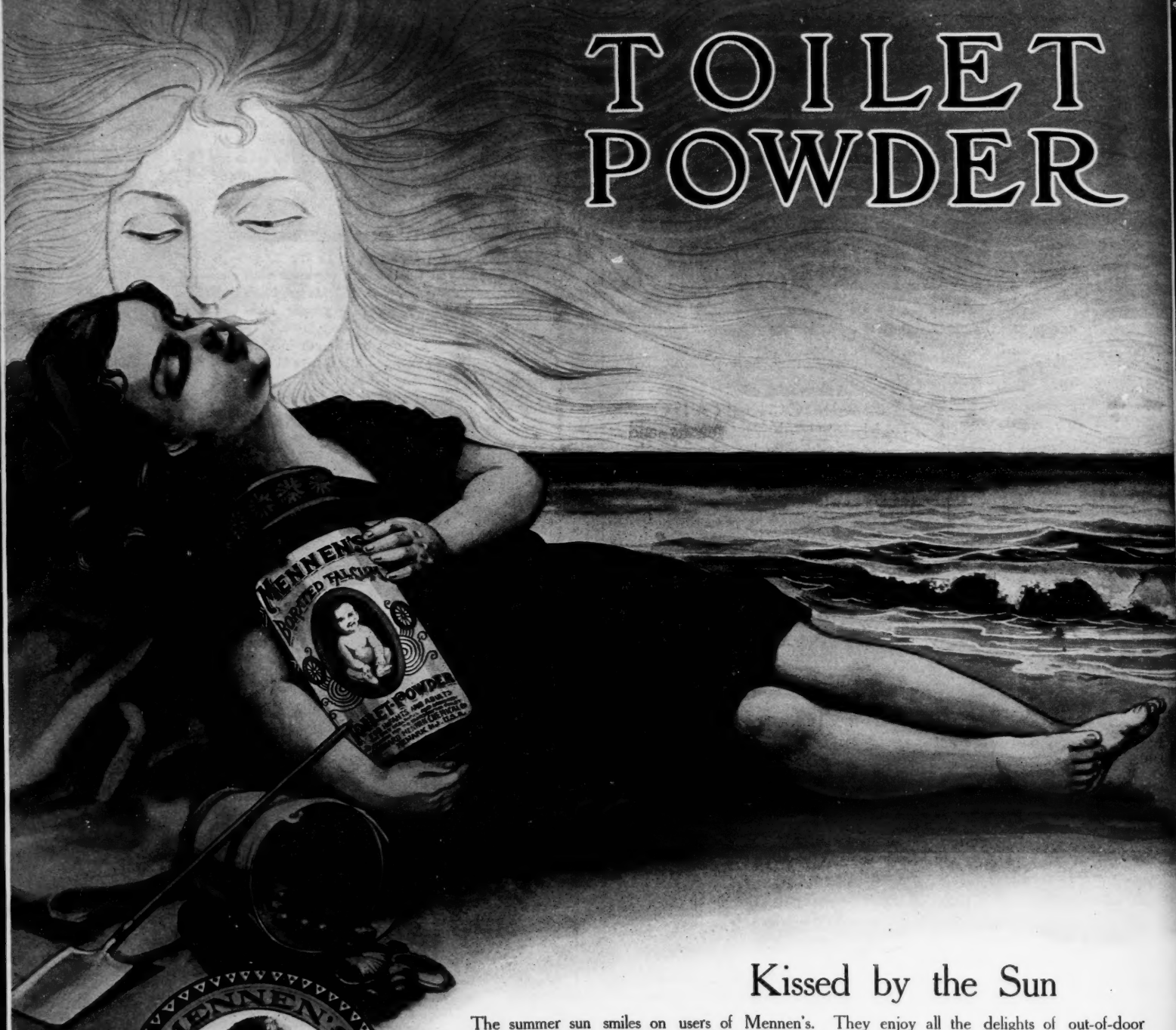


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